THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. V. MARCH, 1868. Vol. IV.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF COLUMBIA, S. C., ON THE NIGHT OF 17TH FEBRUARY, 1865?

Before entering on this inquiry, it may be as well to premise, that what I shall have to say, may be as much calculated to decide *who is not* responsible for this flagrant outrage, as to fix it specifically upon any one particular individual. Yet of this, each one may form his own judgment, after learning the facts as they were presented to my own personal observation. For as this outrage subjected thousands of innocent and helpless individuals to an incalculable amount of woe, want and suffering, so it will, in an equal degree, entail upon its perpetrators for all time to come, the odium and infamy which properly pertain to such deliberate and brutal inhumanity. I would not, therefore, for these reasons, be disposed to fix the blame upon any one, hastily, and without the most indubitable proofs.

In the first place, I was not a little astounded to hear that the destruction of Columbia was chargeable to the acts or orders of General Wade Hampton, whilst in command of the Confederate forces here. Surely this charge could not have been seriously made, by any one who had any opportunities of knowing any thing of the state of things existing here at the time of that most unfortunate occurrence: for as sure as fate, it must have been well known to every man, woman and child, who had the misfortune to be present, that this was any thing but the truth. Indeed, I can scarcely bring myself to the belief that it is necessary to say one word in disproof of this charge. With those who have the happiness to know him, I am sure it would not; yet it may be, that those at a distance, whose minds may

have been prejudiced against the cause in which he so distinguished himself, and for which he made such heavy sacrifices, may be disposed to credit it; and thus, through the management of those who would gladly shirk the odium attaching to the act, eagerly seize the opportunity of making him the scape-goat for the overwhelming sins of themselves.

I have known Gen. Hampton from his early boy-hood; have known the pious and excellent parents, under whose superintending care and guidance he was reared and trained—have marked the bright promise of his early manhood — and the later and fuller development of his maturer years, and can conscientiously say, that in everything which pertains to the character of a noble, high-toned Christian gentleman, discharging with modesty and eminent ability, all the duties of a citizen, both in his public and private relations, I have not known his superior. I can honestly repeat what was once said of him, by a gentleman, himself deeply versed in the knowledge of human nature, that, he is a gentleman, "without fear, and without reproach;" — and I hazard nothing in saying, that if some of those who spoke so flippantly and disparagingly of him, could know him, as he is known here; and could be brought face to face with him, he would not only challenge their respect, but their highest admiration: reluctant though it might be.

The citizens of Columbia, knowing and feeling they were defenceless, made up their minds to submit to their fate, and to do nothing calculated to provoke or exasperate the invading army, which was known to be overwhelming in number, and flushed with long and uninterrupted success. They knew that steps were being taken to surrender the city, and with its surrender, they received assurances of protection of themselves and their property.—They supposed that the public buildings and public property might be destroyed at the discretion of the enemy. They, therefore, took such precautionary measures, as was in their power, to preserve their property and entitle themselves to protection. I, myself, a day or two before the entrance of the army into the city, removed a large part of my stock of drugs, &c., from my store, (which was in the building then used as a part of the Confederate Treasury, taking it for granted that that building would be destroyed:) to my residence on Plain Street. Thus, there was a general feeling of hope that they would not be materially molested. Some days before the entrance of the army, a good deal of cotton was rolled into the middle of the streets in different parts of the city, but for what purpose, I do not know, I presume, however, to be burned, upon the happening of some contingency. At, or about, 9 o'clock, a. m., on Friday, I was in the Main street not far from my house. The Mayor and Aldermen had just gone out in a carriage, under flag of truce, to surrender the city, and to ask assurances of the commanding officer of the observance of the

rules of civilized warfare, which were promptly and fully accorded, and the advance column of the Federal army entered the city, between 10 and 11 o'clock; certainly not earlier. When I left the street at 9 o'clock, the stores were all closed, and everything hushed and quiet; that death-like quiet and suspense which generally portends the happening of some much dreaded event. At what hour Gen. Sherman entered the city, I have no means of knowing, but suppose he did not enter it in advance of his army. In a short time after the army had come in, I saw all parts of the streets filled with United States soldiers, and upon inquiry what that meant, was told that a large part of the army had been furloughed, or dismissed, for thirty-six hours, "*to do as they pleased.*" This doing as they pleased, consisted in their entering houses, and possessing themselves of whatever valuables, such as watches, jewelry, plate, money, &c., as came in their way. And in all cases, particularly, when found in possession of old men and helpless women; when there was any hesitation or delay in the delivery, they did not hesitate to resort to any and all manner of violent and savage force and threats to accomplish their purposes. In numerous cases, not content with forcibly possessing themselves of these valuables, they would soil and destroy many costly and valuable articles which they could not carry off, such as pianos, portraits, paintings, &c.

This state of things continued, without any intermission, the live long day, until about half past seven in the evening. It is proper to remark, that up to this hour, amid all the confusion, robberies, and what not, there had been no fires in the city; although a very strong wind had been blowing from due-west all day long, without intermission: at that hour, however, my attention was attracted in the direction of the new State Capitol, by the letting off of three rockets, red, white and blue, which were sent up in quick succession, from that locality. Immediately after, say in 15 minutes, alarms of fire on Assembly street, (which, as is well known, is the next street west of Richardson, or Main street, and running parallel with it in its whole length; being more than a mile:) were given; then another and another, in rapid succession; until the whole street, from one end to the other, was involved in flames. The wind blowing strongly in an easterly direction, soon spread the flames to the other and more populous and business parts of the city. The several Fire Engines, which have always been regarded as very effective, were promptly brought out; and in one or two instances, where they were permitted to direct their efforts to one particular locality, proved successful. One of the buildings was that of the Exchange Bank; but in less than an hour, the same building had been fired again; and the Firemen, discouraged by the persistent and successful efforts of the soldiery to destroy the Water Hose, by piercing it with their bayonets, and slashing with their swords, gave

up the contest: and the next day, the several engines which had been actually wrested from the Firemen, were found in distant and remote parts of the city, totally disabled and overturned. The wind continuing to blow heavily, the flames spread most rapidly; great sheets of flame sweeping from one side of Main street to the other, and where from any cause whatever, the flames did not embrace the main or principal buildings, the defect was quickly observed,and the remedy—fire in another place—promptly supplied. In numerous instances, the soldiers were seen to put fire to the interior of isolated buildings; being prepared with all the necessary means and appliances for that purpose.

Finding the flames rapidly approaching my house, and being very feeble and lame, as I had been for two or three years; and having no one to assist me, I gave up all as lost. Advanced in years, broken down in health, a family dependent upon me for support, and the prospect of having every thing which I possessed in the world swept from me in an hour or two, my condition and feelings can be better imagined than described.

Having sent my family away, a day or two only, before the surrender of the city, to protect them from outrages which we had too much reason to fear they might be subjected to ; I had taken into my house for shelter and food, a poor and helpless French woman and her child, a boy of 12 years. She had with her some little matters of small value, consisting of their clothing, a sewing machine and a crimping machine; on these she placed a high valuation, as well she might, if she could have saved them. I therefore devoted what little strength I had, more to save her effects than my own. It was manifest enough, however, that in the general destruction of everything in the city, that the question of food was paramount to all others: I succeeded in getting out of the house a small amount of provisions, and a small trunk containing my books of accounts, some valuable papers and a few shirts. These, by the aid of a wheel-barrow, I removed about fifty yards from my house, and left them in charge of the widow's little son, until I could return, and secure some most highly valued *souvenirs* of my family, which I had left.—Upon my return, however, and in entering the gate-way leading to the house, I saw a soldier rapidly descending the iron stair-way from the second story of the house: he passed me quickly into the street, and soon disappeared. On my approaching the basement door-way, I encountered some half dozen soldiers, one of whom, manifesting a good deal of excitement, demanded of me, who I was, and what I wanted; and whilst replying to him, he gave me a violent push, which threw me at full length on the brick pavement. I was stunned for a few seconds, but upon rising, found I was minus one of my teeth, had received a severe bruise on the side of my face, with one of my thumbs dislocated, and a severe cut on one of my hands, which

continued to bleed profusely all night. Whilst standing there, I saw distinctly the flames pouring down the stair-way, from the second story, to the basement of my house. Up to that time, the fire had not yet reached the house from any outside direction. It was, therefore, conclusive to my mind, that the soldier whom I met so rapidly hastening out of my house, but a few minutes before, had, by the aid of a candle which I had left burning on a table near the basement door, only 10 or 15 minutes before, ascended the interior stair-way, and after plundering the rooms, had set the house on fire, and was, when I met him, making his escape to repeat his demoniacal purposes in the adjoining tenements.

During the few minutes which occupied me in the foregoing not very pleasant episode, my attention was called to an incessant and most distracting noise, which, at first, I could not account for; but which I soon found proceeded from a bevy of soldiers, who had succeeded in saving from the flames immediately impending, the well stocked poultry house of my next neighbor. The poultry, which occupied the attention and care of some half dozen stout and brawny soldiers, seemed to have partaken of the general alarm; and judging from their out cries, were not pleased with the midnight disturbance.

Upon my return to look after the little I had succeeded in rescuing from the flames, although absent but a few moments, I quickly perceived that my trunk of books of account and papers, one bag of flour, together with the bags containing a few shirts, were missing. The little boy left in charge of them told me, overwhelmed in tears, that three soldiers had come along and wrested them from him, despite his efforts and appeals to them to leave them. The fire approaching us rapidly, we were compelled to change our position, and this had to be repeated several times in the course of the night. But at every removal we found that there was less and less to remove. Sometimes, articles were taken with open violence, and then again by stealth. For myself, I was so completely overcome, by physical infirmity and prostration, and the scenes that were thus being enacted before me, that I had no heart to attempt any exertion of any kind, and I therefore stood by, as an almost unconcerned spectator of the diabolical, heartless conduct of those in whose power we had been placed. Even at this time, in attempting to recall these scenes, and the experience of that dreadful night to my mind, my heart sickens at the bare recollection; and I find myself quite incompetent to the task,—reminded, as I constantly am, of the destitute condition in which myself and family are placed.—But the French lady and her child, who had cast their lots with mine, seemed to appreciate their dependent situation to the fullest extent, and therefore exerted themselves to save what little we then had. But to her appeals, made on her knees, with uplifted and wringing hands and tears streaming from her eyes, to be spared, her child

and herself, from actual starvation, no attention was paid. She had the evidence in her hands that she was a destitute refugee, driven here from Charleston, to escape the dangers then impending over that city. But to what purpose? These appeals fell upon their stolid ears as if upon a block or a stone. In return she received the most abusive, obscene and profane curses; and to close the scene, one of them drew forth his bowie knife, and with a threat, seized the poor widow's last and only hope, and marched off with his ill-gotten booty. But there would be no end of these details, and I am sure I could never nerve myself up to a narration of one in a thousand—marked if possible, by even greater brutality and inhumanity.

During that long, sad and weary night, occupying (as we were obliged to do, to escape the flames, as were many others similarly situated,) different positions in the open street, we were accosted by squads of soldiers, in passing, with the most opprobrious and insulting language. It would neither be agreeable or profitable to repeat their remarks. The sum and substance of which was, that "we were now realizing what had long been in store for us. That the abominable heresy of the rebellion had its birth here, and here, it was determined, it should have its burial place. That the damned den of rebels in South Carolina had been plotting this thing for years, and that now they had determined to exterminate it, root and branch, even, if in doing so, every man, woman and child had to be burned with the town." During these declarations, which were repeated many times throughout the night, and by as many different squads, they manifested a high degree of excitement, such as stamping their feet, striking their hands together, and gritting their teeth. Surely these demonstrations were a little out of place, and not in the highest degree magnanimous, when made before an auditory of feeble and sick old men, and helpless and alarmed women and children, who were then starving and without shelter, cold and homeless, without a place whereon to lay their exhausted and weary limbs. After moving from place to place, to avoid the constantly approaching flames, I finally took shelter in the portico of the new Baptist church, but finding that situation untenable from the smoke and flakes of fire from a large burning frame building, we were induced to seek the rear of the church, to escape these annoyances. Here I met my friend Dr. Wm. Reynolds, in company with a United States officer to whom Dr. R. introduced me. He was assisting the doctor to protect the Female Academy from the incendiary, and I am happy to say they were successful. The doctor learning my situation, with his characteristic kindness, invited me to his house, with what little I had saved. I most gladly accepted the invitation, but told him that having been ill for a long time, and lying out all night, I was completely exhausted; but in making the effort to remove something, too great for my little remaining strength, and being at

that moment completely overcome by the feelings consequent upon my utterly destitute and hopeless condition, I sunk almost unconsciously to the earth. Both gentlemen came to my side, and the officer, in assisting me, gave expression to the remark, "that in a proper discharge of his duty, in putting down the rebellion, he would go as far as any man, but to assist in a worse than savage warfare, such as this, he had no heart, and as far as he could avoid it, he would have no agency."

In contrast with the cruel and heartless treatment, which I was thus receiving, myself and family had, not many days before, been exerting ourselves, to the extent of our ability, in furnishing comforts of every kind to a young officer of the United States army in the military prison here, (of course under the supervision of the commanding officer of the post,) who had been robbed after his capture, and was, at the time, ill from a violent attack of rheumatism.—He was an entire stranger, and therefore had no special claim upon us. He has since then proven his worth by substantial acts, most deeply evidencing his gratitude. But I have only referred to this circumstance to show that whilst I was doing all I could to alleviate the sufferings of a man who had been an enemy, taken on our own soil, in arms against us, they were engaged in all manner of warfare, not only unknown and unrecognized, but condemned by all civilized nations, in subjecting me and my family to an amount of suffering and want scarcely conceivable, and to irremediable and hopeless destitution, from which, short of a miracle, there does not seem to be the remotest chance of escape.

As I have said before, there had been no fires in the city, either of buildings or cotton, until after 7 o'clock, p. m., of the day of the surrender. On the morning of that day, say about 4 a. m., the depot of the South Carolina railroad was blown up, attended with an awful explosion and report. There was stored in the depot a large quantity of miscellaneous goods, as well as a considerable quantity of gun-powder. The depot had been a target the day before, for the shells of the enemy, drawn up on the heights, on the west bank of the river, directly opposite the city: and at an early hour on Thursday morning, the depot was abandoned by the railroad officers: and it, therefore, offered a fine opportunity for all who were so disposed, to pillage and rob it. Their visits were continued all day Thursday, and during the night, until 4 a. m., Friday morning: but at that hour their operations were suddenly brought to a close by some one of them venturing in too close proximity to the gun-powder with a torch, the fire came in contact with the powder, which, of course, instantaneously put an end to the pillage. The mangled remains of some 20 or 30, negroes and whites, were found among the ruins the next day. But there was no burning: simply an explosion.

On Sunday, the 19th of February, there were burned, United States soldiers superintending, probably 100 bales of cotton

which had been rolled out from a building in the neighborhood of the Methodist Female College, on Plain street. The weather was calm, and the fire was confined to the cotton alone.

On the same day, Sunday, in walking around and about the ruins of my former residence, I observed more than half a dozen different squads of United States soldiers, busily engaged, with instruments adapted for the business, boring into the earth about and about, for buried treasure.—Amongst them were officers mounted, superintending these operations. This operation was new to me, and excited my curiosity. I did not observe that they had any success. They certainly had none on my premises.

From all the facts and circumstances which came under my own observation, I cannot possibly avoid the conclusion, that the destruction of Columbia, by fire, had been decided on, and the details and arrangements for that purpose, pre-arranged and fixed in a very systematic way; if not by the commanding officer, yet by the army. And it can scarcely be credited, that this purpose and determination, should not have been known to the inferior officers: and if to them, why was that information not communicated to the General in command: whose duty, I presume, if he had disapproved it, would have been, to have taken the steps necessary to have prevented it. He had a very large force, and that force was represented to have been under perfect discipline. Nothing easier, I should have supposed. During the greater part of the day on Friday, I have been told, he was seen in various parts of the city; and it is to be presumed, must have observed how his soldiers were acting, and to what their behavior was tending. I have heard it said that the city was fired by some confined criminals, set at liberty from the jail, with some escaped prisoners, who had been harbored about the city. I think it likely that they may have assisted in doing it—but the declarations of numerous soldiers, who were about the streets of the city, left no doubt upon my mind, that the city had been doomed days and days before the army entered it.

As I said at first, every one who will give a dispassionate and impartial review of the facts here stated, can draw his own conclusions. Let them do so.

From the foregoing detail of facts, I feel authorized in endorsing General Hampton to the fullest extent, when he says, "that he gave no order that cotton should be fired; that not one bale was on fire when General Sherman's troops took possession of the city; that General Sherman positively promised protection to the city; and that in spite of this solemn promise, his soldiers had burned it to the ground, deliberately, systematically, and atrociously." And furthermore, that these asseverations of General Hampton can be substantiated by the testimony of a cloud of witnesses, embracing every person who was in the city at the time, and whose testimony would be worthy of credence.

Here, where General Hampton is so well known, he does not need the endorsement of any one, in reference to any of his acts; as evidence of which, is the fact that at the election for Governor of the State of South Carolina, in October, 1865, by general suffrage, notwithstanding his own efforts, and the efforts of his friends, to prevent it, the people had determined, as if by acclamation, to place him in the Gubernatorial Chair, and that too over the head of one of the ablest and most popular gentlemen in the State.—Notwithstanding all this he scarcely escaped being elected.

It will be admitted, I think, by every impartial person, that Gen. Hampton stands proudly and consciously erect; acquitted of any and all participation, either direct or indirect, in the destruction of Columbia, on the night of the 17th February, 1865.

I have felt much reluctance in being obliged to emerge from my seclusion and obscurity, to meddle with public matters; for insofar as I and mine are personally concerned, it can make no material difference as to the authorship of the great calamity under consideration. My ruin is complete, irremedially and hopelessly so.—And all that I can now see in prospect, for the remaining years of my life, deeply embittered as it has been by the events of the past, is suffering, want and wretchedness. But I could not remain silent, when it was in my power, by a simple act of justice, as far as I could, to rescue the character of one whose name and antecedents are simply synonimous with every thing that is noble and generous, from the never ending odium and infamy of an act, which has entailed upon its thousands of unhappy and innocent subjects pain, sorrow and anguish, for the the balance of their lives, and probably their descendents for generations to come.

EDWARD SILL.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 31, 1866.

The writer or author of the above has personally appeared before me and makes oath that the statements in the above and foregoing pages are strictly true.—Sworn to and subscribed before me as above.

W. B. JOHNSTON,
Magistrate.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

Isa. LXI. 3.

(To Miss M. D. L., during Illness.)

BY A. J. REQUIER.

The rosy-smitten star of eve,
  Uprisen on the wasted day,
Whose milder radiances retrieve
  The gorgeous pageant past away,
Is not more lovely, shining there,
  For all its pale celestial bloom,
Than thou art, lady strangely fair!
  Reclining in this curtained room.

Reclining lost in reverie!
  With something round thee which begets
A likeness 'twixt the mood we see
  And those ethereal mignonettes
Half-dipt in crystal;—something stirred
  By dusk and fragrance, finely blent
With an ecstatic hope deferred
  And uncomplaining discontent.

Be not cast down, nor overbowed:
  These weary weeks of lonesome pain,
Are but a fleeting summer cloud
  That soon will turn to silver rain;
And leave thy sky as pure and clear,
  In spite of transient tears and sighs,
As the rich sunlight on thy hair,
  Or that reflected from thine eyes.

For thee, within the future, glows
  A magic islet softly green
Of perfect health and sweet repose,
  Enhanced by what shall intervene:
A sacred rite—a halcyon spot—
  An ever-flowing votive shrine,—
Where conquered Cupid cheers the cot,
  And sober Bacchus trains the vine.

ANCIENT ROMAN WIT.

C. Cæsar speaking in the *Forum* with animation, his adversary, Phillippus thought to disconcert him, by asking sneeringly: "Why does he bark?" (Comparing his discourse to the noise of a brute,) Cæsar, looking at him, instantly replied: "*Because I see a thief.*"

One of the Neros said of one of his slaves who was very roguish, ironically: "He is the only person in my house from whom there is nothing locked up."

Spurius Curvilius had received in battle an honorable wound, which lamed him for life. His mother observed that when he went on the street, he blushed with embarrassment at his own limping; when she said: "But go on, my son: every time you take a step, think of your gallantry."

Scipio Africanus, sitting down to a banquet, was attempting to adjust a garland on his head; but the band of flowers broke repeatedly. L. Varus said: "No wonder, for it is a great brow."

Crassus, the great lawyer, ridiculing the pomposity of Memmius, said: "Memmius feels himself so big, that when he comes to the *Forum*, passing under the triumphal arch of Fabius Maximus, he has to stoop his head." (This arch was, perhaps, fifty feet high.)

Salinator lost the city of Tarentum by his feebleness. Some years after, Fabius Maximus retook it: and this same officer being in his army, boasted that it was done by his aid. "Just so;" replied Maximus, "I should certainly not have *re*taken it, if you —— had not lost it."

When Metellus was Consul, and was making a levy of men for his army, C. Cæsar excused himself on the plea of bad eyes. Metellus was skeptical, and asked contemptuously: "Can't you see anything at all?" "Yes," said Cæsar, "I can see your villa from the Esquiline Gate." (This villa was a sore subject to Metellus, because it was the popular opinion, that he had not come fairly by it.)

The poet Ennius was much patronized by the family of the Scipios. Scipio Nasica went one day to his house; and the servant girl at the door told him that her master was "not at home."—Nasica knew that she had been instructed by her master to say so, and that he was within. A few days after, Ennius came to see Nasica, and when he asked for him at the door, Nasica himself called out: "I am not at home." "Why," said Ennius: "how is that? Don't I know your voice?" "What an unreasonable fellow you are," replied Nasica: "When your servant girl told me you were not at home, I believed her. But you don't believe me when I tell you so myself!"

Egilius was a festive fellow, who had the reputation of being very effeminate, but unjustly.—Q. Opimius, whose character had been reported to be very dissolute, said tauntingly: "My dear Miss Egilia, do take your distaff and wool along, and come to see me." "No; by Pollux," said Egilius, "I can't do it; I am afraid; my Mamma don't let me go near bad girls."

A very poor speaker made a strong effort, in the conclusion of his speech, to move the sympathy of his audience. As he sat down, he asked the eminent orator, Catulus, if he did not appear to have excited their compassion. "Very greatly, indeed," answered Catulus; "for I reckon there is nobody so hard-hearted as not to pity that speech of yours."

A very bad advocate had bawled himself hoarse in a speech for an accused man. Granius advised him to go home and drink a very cold honey-dram. "If I do that," said the lawyer, "I should lose my voice." "Better lose that," said Granius, "than your client."

The Senate was discussing the management of the *ager publicus*, and many members complained grievously against a nobleman named Lucilius because his herds grazed the public lands. Appius, the elder, said, ironically: "Those are not Lucilius' herds; you must be mistaken; I reckon they are free, for they graze wherever they please."

A fellow of very mean ancestry, being angry with C. Lælius, exclaimed that he was unworthy of his forefathers. "By Hercules," answered Lælius, "that charge does not lie against you."

M. Lepidus was lying on the grass in the shade, looking at his friends who were vigorously engaged, in the open field, in their military exercises, when he said: "I wish lying here on the grass were exercise!"

EQUIPOISE.

A SONNET.

Just when we think we've fixed the golden mean,—
The diamond point, on which to balance fair,
Life and life's lofty issues,—weighing there,
With fractional precision, close and keen,
Thought, motive, word and deed,—there comes between,
Some wayward circumstance, some jostling care,
Some temper's fret, some mood's unwise despair,
That mars the equilibrium, unforeseen,
And spoils our nice adjustment!—Happy he,
Whose soul's calm equipoise can know no jar,
Because the unwavering hand that holds the scales,
Is the same hand that weighed each steadfast star—
Is the same hand that on the sacred tree,
Bore for his sake, the anguish of the nails!

Lexington, Va. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN HERBERT KELLY.

THE young hero whose name adorns this page, was born at Carrolton, Pickens county, Alabama, on the 31st day of March, 1840. He was the son of Isham H. and Elizabeth Kelly. Being orphaned at an early age, he became the object of devoted care and strict guardianship from his grand-mother, Mrs. Harriet H. Hawthorne.

Manliness of purpose, devotedness of attachments, and impulsive action were characteristics of his boyhood, and precursors of his brilliant career in the cause of Southern Independence. John Kelly entered West Point at 17 years of age, where his scholastic attainments and gentlemanly bearing won the admiration of all who were associated with him. Within a few months of the termination of his course at that institution, he resigned, at command of his native State, reported to our authorities, and was assigned to duty, at Fort Morgan, under General Hardee, entering the service as 2nd Lieutenant A. C. S., in the year 1861. In personal appearance, his figure was slender, straight and graceful, his face fair and smooth, delicate in feature, with blue eyes and light hair. At that period, his manners

united the earnestness and enthusiasm of Southern manhood, with a charming modesty, well becoming his years. Lieutenant Kelly accompanied General Hardee to a new field of operations, in Missouri, as a member of his staff, where his gallantry and efficiency were soon rewarded by the command of an Arkansas battalion, with the rank of Major P. A. C. S. He served his country faithfully, in that position, until advanced to the rank of Colonel of the 8th Arkansas regiment, May 5th, 1862. At the battle of Shiloh, where the name of Albert Sidney Johnston was a trumpet blast of glory, this young and rising star was not unnoted, thousands followed his shining path, through suffering to renown. Perryville and Murfreesboro' added lustre to his name. While commanding the left of General Liddell, at Murfreesboro', he was conspicuous for coolness of judgment and intrepidity of action, until wounded and borne from the field. Incapacitated for duty at the time of his return to the army, but eager for the success of his country, only a short period elapsed before he again confronted her foes. On the day preceding the battle of Chickamauga, General Preston requested that he should be placed in command of one of his brigades. His appreciation of the talents and courage of Colonel Kelly was speedily evinced by the following:

"Chattanooga, Tennessee.

September 28th, 1863.

Your Excellency:

I recommend for promotion to Your Excellency, Colonel John H. Kelly, of Alabama, for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga. Colonel Kelly is a graduate of the Military Academy, at West Point,* and has distinguished himself at Shiloh, Perryville and Murfreesboro.' Before the recent battles, a division having been assigned to me by General Buckner, one of the brigades was found in need of an able officer, and I applied for, and obtained Colonel Kelly. On the last day of the battle of Chickamauga, it was necessary to assail a very strong position at the close of the battle. The task was assigned to my division.—Colonel Kelly's brigade had never been in any important action. He charged with it to the crest of a formidable hill, drove the enemy from it, took many prisoners and arms, and bivouacked in their tents on the most advanced point of our lines. Out of 852 effective men he lost in the space of an hour, 300 killed and wounded, and was never repulsed, but held his ground until new troops arrived and supported him. I respectfully urge upon Your Excellency's consideration the promotion of Colonel Kelly to the rank of Brigadier General. The brigade is composed of the 58th N. C., 5th Ky., 65th Ga., and 63d Va., regiments, and has an aggregate, present and absent, of 2,030. An aggregate present, for

* General Preston was in error. Gen. Kelly lacked but a few months of completing his course, when Alabama seceded.

duty now, of 1,109. I have the honor to remain,

Your Excellency's
Most ob't ser'v't,
WM. PRESTON,
Brig. Genl."

This communication was heartily endorsed by Generals Liddell and Cleburne as follows:

HD. QRS., LIDDELL'S BRIGADE,
CLEBURNE'S DIV., Army Tenn.,
Before Chattanooga, Tenn.
Sept. 30, 1863.

To the Honorable, the Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.

SIR: I am gratified in joining Brigadier General Preston in the recommendation of Col. John H. Kelly, of Ala., for promotion.—Col. Kelly has, until recently, commanded the 8th Arkansas regiment of my brigade. A few days previous to the battle of Chickamauga, at the request of Maj. General Buckner, he was placed in command of a brigade in his corps and took part in that action. At the battle of Perryville. Ky., on the 8th of October last, he behaved with great gallantry and contributed greatly to the repulse of the enemy, at the close of that action, capturing, with his own hands, Col. Gooding, commanding a brigade of the enemy. At Murfreesboro, he commanded my left, and behaved with his usual valor and coolness, until wounded and taken from the field about 2 o'clock, p. m., on the 31st of December. Educated at the U. S. Military Academy, his qualifications for command have been improved by experience, and his rigid attention to his duties during more than two years has rendered him peculiarly fitted for the position for which he is recommended, viz: that of Brigadier General.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant.

ST-JOHN R. LIDDELL
Brig. Gen. P. A. C. S.

HD. QRS., CLEBURNE'S DIV.,
Missionary Ridge, Sept. 30, '63.

I heartily endorse all Gen. Liddell has said in favor of Col. Kelly. I know no better officer of his grade in the service, and I believe it is to the interest of the service that he should be immediately promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. He has served in my division for the last nine months.

P. R. CLEBURNE,
Maj. General.

The officers, in command of the regiments constituting the brigade, to which he was a pillar of strength and crowning adornment, tendered the following tribute to the boy hero of the hour:

"CAMP OF THE 3RD BRIGADE,
BUCKNER'S DIVISION,
Before Chattanooga, Tenn.,
Nov. 1, 1863.

GENERAL: As commanders of the regiments constituting this brigade we desire to express our appreciation of the ability displayed by you since we have been under your command. We particularly desire to convey to you our sincere thanks for the uniform courtesy that has characterized your intercourse with us. Trusting that in the new and perhaps more useful sphere to which you are called, success will ever attend your efforts, and that the promo-

tion you have so richly won will be but the precursor to future advancement, we remain, General, your sincere friends.

J. B. PALMER,
Col. 58th N. C. vol.,
R. H. MOORE,
Col. 65th Ga. vol.,
J. M. FRENCH,
Maj. comd'g. 63rd Va. reg't.,
H. HAWKINS,
Col. 5th Ky. reg't.
To Brig. Gen. John H. Kelly."

This youth in years and appearance but veteran in achievement, received his commission as Brigadier General before reaching the 22nd year of his age, a lofty attainment unparalelled in our history, which reflects credit upon the government so quick to discern and reward true genius and heroism. Upon receiving his commission, General Kelly was ordered to General Wheeler and there placed in command of a gallant brigade. His career was signalized by a rapid succession of splendid achievements which brooked no rivalry in the hearts of his men. The sacrifices of personal safety and comfort which were entailed upon the Southern soldier were met with cheerful composure, success was welcomed at any cost. The rudest private in the ranks honored and blest him as one who would have gladly shared the hardest toil and humblest resting-place—they loved him as a brother, and followed him as a master-spirit, alas, to death!

On the 20th of August commanding a brigade of Wheeler's cavalry, the blood of this young champion embalmed the historic field of Franklin, Tennessee, where the red tide ebbed and flowed even unto the end! His bright face lit with the pride of noble purpose, his eye set forward with a dauntless will, filling men's souls with heroic endeavor, charging at the head of his column, onward and onward, unmindful of shot and flame, moving with the graceful ease of a young Arab across the plain, on and on into the jaws of Death, until he slaked his thirst in the silent river and sank down smiling upon a fairer shore!

A comrade in arms penned the subjoined information concerning his last moments to a bereaved brother:

"FRANKLIN, TENN,
Sept. 11, 1865.

Mr. Rollin H. Kelly, Dear Sir: I take a sad pleasure in giving you the information desired in reference to the death and burial of your noble and gallant brother, General Kelly. He fell leading the charge. The fatal bullet entered just below the right shoulder and ranging downward entered his right lung. Of course we were forced to leave him, but I am glad to be able to say that he was tenderly cared for as long as he lived after the fatal wound. He lived several days. He had the best medical attendance and nursing. Was very decently buried in a metallic coffin, purchased by the citizens of this place. New clothes were put upon him with the exception of his coat, it was thought best that he should be buried in the uniform coat he wore when he fell. Allow me to mourn with you for his loss. I honored him

as an officer and loved him as a brother. No braver soldier ever faced a foe—no truer gentleman ever walked the earth. He was buried in the private burial ground of Wm. H. Harrison, five miles from here, on the Columbia Pike. Respectfully,

W. S. McLEMORE."

His remains were brought to Mobile, Alabama, and interred there March 18, 1866. The funeral services were performed in St. Francis Street Church by the Rev. Dr. Dorman, in a deeply impressive manner. A large concourse of citizens assembled with mourning friends to pay sad honors to the dead; he was laid down to rest in the bosom of his mother State, and recommended for promotion in the Grand Army of the Free. Oh, watchman tell us of the night! Tell us who weep and pray in darkened homes by hearthstones where the shadows fall, that our loved ones sleep by the still waters of comfort under the shadow of living green. Lo! the bow of promise rests upon the grave and reaches unto the heavens. Let us go on our way saying: Here he slept, but has arisen, and in the freshness and vigor of eternal youth has gone before!

His country was the Lady of his dreams,
Her cross his knightly sign—
She died! And thus he lies—
A stately slender palm,
Felled down in tender blossoming
Across her grave!
Then with the early flush of Spring,
Let Southern maidens come,
With boughs of shining green
And clustered flowers.
Here cast I mine—
A sweet Magnolia bloom
Its white heart filled with tears!

"EXIT POMPEY."

W. SHAKSPEARE.

You havn't forgotten, when we were boys,
And the harvest fields were sweet,
The tricks we played in the Holly shade
With the heads of bearded wheat,

When we used to place the bristling base
A-sleeve in our idle play;
When, work as we might, the wheat went right
"Up"—and no other way!

Methinks mankind has a wooly pet
In a somewhat similar train,
That, with all the world a-tug at his tail,
Must—fatally—follow the grain!

And I hope the Lord of his special grace
This law may soon deliver,
That all the rogues who have wrought to place
Poor old Pomp in such pitiful case,
Shall stick to his tail forever.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

I SAT one morning at the dining-room window, dragging my listless fingers through some needle-work, when suddenly,

"Whoa, wo," sounded close by me, and a horse's head appeared through the embowering jessamine, above which was that of a boy, stooping, to approach nearer to me.

"Is Mr. Ashburton in?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "he is in the field. If you want him, you will find him there."

"Thankee, miss. I think I see him."

So saying, he rode off in the direction indicated, and I resumed indifferently, my interrupted task.

Presently, father came in, all wet and dripping from the well where he had stopped to drink out of the bucket, on his way from the field.

"Go and get me a clean shirt, Mary," he said, "I must dress myself up quick, for Mr. Chauncey wants to see me directly."

"So the boy was from the Grove, father?"

"Yes, yes, child. Go quick."

"I went as he desired, wondering, by the way, what Mr. Chauncey wanted with father. To borrow money of him, perhaps—oh!—here I felt a sudden hope and pleasure lighting up my heart — perhaps it will be in father's power to help him in some way, to help Alfred through him.

Animated with this hope, I quickly brought him what he wanted. He dressed himself cleanly in homespun, washed the traces of toil from his sun-burnt face and hands, shaded his ruddy countenance under a great brimmed straw hat, and set off, on Billy, for the Grove.

I was in an agony of impatience before he did so. It seemed to me that he never would be ready, or the horse saddled and bridled for him to mount, and it was not until I saw him slowly jogging down the lane, and disappearing through the park gate, that I breathed a sigh of relief.

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* Continued from page 227.

I watched him from the window, going along at his comfortable, middle-aged pace, so unconcerned as to where he was going,—at least it seemed so to me,—while I would have given the world to be going in his place, and have power to say, in tones of the warmest consolation and pity,

"Poor Alfred, *I* love you,—Though all the world forsake you, I only love you better in desolation, than in your time of prosperity. Let me but have the privilege of mourning with you; perhaps it will lighten your heavy burden to know that *one* shoulder is ready to lift it from you, and help you, poor, deserted one, to sustain your doom and early blight." Sorrowfully, I worked on, dropping an occasional tear over the poor, pale face, the noble, heroic soul, slighted for a worldling's shallow heart and pitiful, glittering dross. The world had left him, gone on its way, the bright sun shone on, the blue sky smiled as ever, wept its brilliant showers over the flower beds, while he was tempest-tost, wrecked in life and happiness—oh! most earnestly did I pray—not in soul also.

Mother came in with many surmises as to the nature of the summons to the Grove.

"I'll bet he wants money," she said, at last, and in no pleased tone, for mother was a close, managing woman, and, though not stingy, was almost too much alive to the value of money.—"I don't know about your father's lending it—and *there* at least. I don't see how they could return it, and he'd never see it again."

"Mother, you would'nt refuse?"

My tone confused her and she replied in justification of herself, as she shook out her work. "Well, I don't see why he can't borrow it of somebody else. There's no reason why *we* should be losers by him; we're nothing to him. Why did'nt he take care of property when he had it, and not come now troubling other people?"

"Oh! mother! I cannot bear to hear you talk so. Suppose you were in trouble,—"

"They would'nt have helped me," she interrupted.

"We know nothing about that. But we know he *is*, and I should love to help him."

"*You!* oh! you. You never had much common sense." How many excuse their meanness, their low, earthly natures, under that term — common sense, and when the loftier, unselfish nature of others, rebukes by example their own meanness, how common it is to hear them call it "lack of common sense." A very good sense it is, giving a just balance and use to the other senses,—and keeping them in place so nicely adjusted, that the whole move in harmony, but when it restrains generous, noble impulses, and is used as a cloak for selfishness, I can't say that I admire a preponderancy of it in the character.

"I can't help it, mother, and if it keeps me from helping those in trouble, I don't wan't it."

"I'm as ready to help as anybody, but I say again, they are nothing to us, or we to them, and, as proud as they have been, I

don't see why we should be the losers."

A sensation that I did not like to experience towards her, came over me then. I looked away from her in order to forget the impression, and let the feeling pass away.

"I feel sorry for them," mother said, relentingly, "and would do what I could, but to lend money where there's no prospect of getting it again is a foolish piece of business. In any other way, I'll do what I can, and be very glad to help them. I've been thinking all along that if we could only manage to send them something nice, maybe they'd eat it."

It almost made me smile, such an idea of sympathy and kindness for the haughty Chaunceys, but it relieved me of that feeling towards mother, and made me natural to her again.

Looking towards the window, I saw father coming back rapidly, galloping up the lane, a most unusual thing for him, who was so sparing of Billy's lungs and his own.

He alighted at the gate, gave the horse to one of the boys to be taken to the stable, and then came to the house. He did not enter the room where I sat, but proceeded to the kitchen at a slower pace as if meditating about something. It was baking day and mother was busily engaged taking some loaves from the oven when father joined her. He called and she replied that she would come directly. Upon which he intimated to her that his business would admit of no delay and that he *must* speak with her immediately. At that, she came out wiping the flour from her hands on her check apron, her face flushed to the hue of a coal of fire from the oven she had been stooping over.

He said something low. They walked away together, disappearing around the corner of the house that jutted just to my view, preventing my seeing them further. I felt a deep anxiety to know the subject of all this mystery, what my father's business had been there, how he had found the unfortunate ones he had just left. What *was* it that he was telling mother?

They remained a long time in conversation. I heard them in the parlor conversing in a low tone. Sometimes their voices were raised a little as if by excitement, then it cautiously dropped again, still retaining the earnest tone as if something of great importance was under discussion.

I wondered and wondered, becoming nervously impatient for the interview to cease, that I might learn from one or both of them its cause. I could scarcely breathe, and started at every sound.

At last the parlor door was hastily opened, I heard my mother's quick step crossing the passage to the dining-room, then the door behind me was opened.

"Mary," she said, with equal rapidity, "Go to the parlor, your father wants to speak with you there."

"With *me*, mother?" I grasped the back of my chair for support. "What can he want with me?"

"Why, child, how frightened you look. It's nothing to alarm, let me assure you. Don't be afraid. It's someting he wants to speak to you about—some—" here she hesitated and looked away from me, "some business."

Mother had a queer look which I could not interpret, but a little reassured, I arose, still trembling in every limb, and as reluctant to enter the room to be closeted with my father about the mysterious business as if I had been a prisoner doomed to torture.

"Go along, Mary, your father is waiting," and mother gave a me a slight push.

I obeyed and entered the room where father was—mother shutting the door after me, then going away herself to my additional discomfort. I clasped my hands to quiet my heart's nervous, expectant beatings, and waited painfully for his communication.

I remember where he stood, my plain old father. He had opened one of the back windows of the parlor, letting in a stream of sunlight between the shutters, glancing across the dark, sober carpet, over the home-made rug with its great roses and strawberry vines, burying itself in the asparagus blossoms that radiated from the scarlet flower-pot on the hearth, and dissipating the damp, earthly smell that ground rooms in old country houses, where they are seldom used, almost always possess.

He had his back to me, and with one knee on a high-backed, antiquated chair, decorated with a silk patch-work cushion of my manufacture, with head extended out of the window, in the golden aperture he had made between the shutters, he was giving orders to one of the men servants who had paused to listen to him with some implement of husbandry on his shoulder.

That made me feel more natural, but completing his directions, he brought the shutters to carefully, bowed them and put the window down, giving the room its usual dark aspect, then turned around and spoke to me at once.

"A great piece of business I've been on this morning, Mary."

"Have you, father?"

"Well, to make you understand all at once, I'll tell you the whole story. That boy was from the Grove. You know I went there, wondering what Chauncey could want with me. Well, when I got there, a servant who seemed to be waiting for me, took me up to a darkened room, and there among the books and papers, before a desk, sat Mr. Chauncey. He arose, took me by the hand, and treated me with wonderful politeness, while I was so staggered by the change in him, that I could scarcely speak. His head was as white as a sheet, his face scarred with wrinkles, his hand trembling as if he had the palsy. I felt mighty sorry for him, and did my best to show it. To make a long story short, after some preliminaries he said in a short, quick way, 'Mr. Ashburton, my affairs are much involved at present, I want you to help me out of my difficulties!'"

"'Me, sir! How can I help you? Anything reasonable that lies in

my power, I'm willing to do for you.'"

"'Something *does* lie in your power. My perplexities are great,' (thinks I he's a going to borrow money of me, and, though I felt sorry for him, was wondering how I could get out of it, for I had'nt much notion of my hard earnings going to him who could'nt pay, but was willing to go as far as I could.)

"'You think I wish to borrow money?' he said, looking at me very hard. 'Not that, for it would be useless to borrow money that I could never repay, and which would not go a tithe towards discharging my liabilities. My plan is this. You know how my son has been treated by that gilded worldling. Since then he is nothing, has given up everything, is incapable of helping me or himself; in short, I am afraid that this most unfortunate love affair is either killing or maddening him. Till he learned her baseness he was the noblest son in the world. It breaks my heart, Mr. Ashburton; it breaks my heart, sir, to see him thus. How to save him, and redeem our fortunes, has been the theme of agonizing thought since the false creature jilted him so heartlessly. Had she not murdered him,' here his eye flashed and he clinched his hand, 'yes I say, *murdered* him, he would have done wonders yet, for with his versatility of talent, he could have accomplished anything. We had made our arrangements, he brightening me up by his hopeful assurance, and smiling bravely, my poor boy, over the loss of property, bidding me look around and see how others made their fortunes, and why not he, with youth and health and energy, till my despondency was lightened and I began to look on things more cheerfully, though not as he did, when—I cannot trust myself to repeat her name, or her intriguing rascal of a father—so cast him off like a worn out garment, my brave, handsome, talented boy.'"

"Here he used language, cursing them bitterly, which I won't shock you by repeating."

"'Since then you know what he is, while his poor old father'—here he shook a tear from his eye—'is broken-hearted until he can find out some relief for him of some kind.'"

"'I am truly sorry, sir, but how can I help you?'"

"'I will tell you, Mr. Ashburton, I will tell you. My son, you know, being no longer engaged, is free. Well, I thought that by his union with some one else he might be restored, some lovable, domestic woman who would try to draw him from his sorrows and give him something to live for once more. Now I come to the point, a most delicate one, and which naught but parental affection, a last dying resource would prompt me to. You have a daughter, sir—' My God! Mary, are you fainting or dead?"

He rushed to me and would have taken me out, but commanding myself with an agonized interest to hear the rest, I begged him, as if my life depended upon it, to tell me all.

"His plan was," resumed my father, briefly condensing his

statement, "to marry his son to my daughter, obtain for your dowry certain money vested in a portion of the estate which I would buy for you, keeping the creditors off on my security, while the rest might be redeemed in time by economy and good management. He has noticed you, he says, Mary, and of all the girls he has seen here, he thinks you the most likely to save his son.—Then he told me he heard say I intended leaving the butt end of my estate to you, for I thought the boys might take care of themselves. It is true, for I have ever held it as my opinion that to give boys sound principles and a good education, it's best to let them make their own way in the world, than to spend their father's hard earnings in wasteful extravagance. The girls are more helpless, so I had made up my mind that you should get double share of what I own."

"What did you say, father? Did you agree to this—bargain?"

"Bargain, Mary! Why call it that way, child?" he answered fretfully. "I told him I was willing provided you were, and the young man didn't object."

"What did he say about his son?"

"Well, he seemed a little chary about him. All he said was that he would bring him to see you to-morrow."

"To-morrow—" again I grasped the chair and could hardly keep from falling.

"You musn't be afraid, daughter," he said kindly. "To tell the truth, my child, I don't altogether like it. You would be allied to a proud family, and you have always seemed more fitted for such company than for us plain folks. I don't urge it on you. I leave it to yourself to do as you please. If you don't want this thing, say so, and I'll tell him at once. He asked me if your affections had been otherwise engaged. I told him no, that you turned the cold shoulder on the young men about here. At the same time, Mary, remember what you are about. I'll see that you have a pretty property and you'll have a handsome husband."

I grew deadly pale, I felt it, and drew back, while he laughed as if to reassure us both. Under his kindness I could see that my poor father's ambition prompted him secretly to urge my consent to—such a design.

I had not thought as yet, I felt hardly to be awake or alive. Was I dreaming? a union proposed between me and Alfred!—a union! if only in name—but a chance to be ever near him. What exquisite bliss! But he—I felt humiliated to the dust, sold as a piece of goods and chattel—could I submit to it?

"Well, well, I can't expect your answer yet awhile, startled as you are. You can think on't."

"But Alfred, father! what will be his feelings, dragged into this bargain, and I am only sold?"

"No, my daughter, don't take that view of it," my father sat down and scratched his head with a perplexed air, "the young man may prove more willing than you may think. You don't suppose that at his years he's a going to mourn forever over that jilting

jade. That's all a pack of romantic nonsense about broken hearts and loving but once. I know I courted one or two before your mother, and it didn't kill me when they said no. I only took up my hat and walked out, leaving them to go their own road as I would mine. He'll come round in time, depend on't, and he'd be more than mortal if he did't love such a gentle, good thing as you. Don't fear, you'll win him to you. Then as to yourself, you can do as you please. All *I* have to say about it is, that I hand you over a handsome dowry the day you're married; you can make a man of your husband, redeem the estate by the management your mother has taught you, live there as the proudest in the land, and hold your head up as high as Mrs. Anybody. So saying, I've said all."

He closed the door after him noisily, but I opened it immediately and ran up breathless to my room, my feet scarcely touching the steps. Throwing myself down on my face I tried to think, but reason was lost.

I proposed as a wife to Alfred Chauncey! *I* who had loved him all my life, *I* who had endured anguish, jealousy, torture, despair, the bitterness of death for him,—who had closed my heart over as with a mound, and had said to it—henceforth be dead, feel no more, pain no more; let it be as if it never had been, for the skeleton of love lies there,—it is a desert of Sahara—the well-springs of the valley of Beulah can water it no more. Dead to all save a life-long duty, to win eternity, there to feel not—and repose to come.

I had said this, and thought myself almost stony in despair. Ah! a fleshly, living heart pulsated there yet. It throbbed and beat till it seemed almost to burst. *I*,—Alfred Chauncey's wife—to bear *his* name, be mistress of *his* house, care for *his* household!—ah! ever care for him!—consult his tastes, study his wishes, put my varied woman's knowledge into practice for increasing his comfort! softening his sorrow? A thousand future possibilities flashed across my mind. What might I not do for him, and by patient love, what might I not accomplish? I pressed my burning face against the spread;—what extremity of happiness!—what depth of humiliation!

In the midst of this exquisite dream of happiness, a sudden jar, a sensation of wounded dignity and pride that made me almost say,—I *will* not be thus bartered, and I arose and paced the room. The two fathers plotting together over a scheme that might bring additional wretchedness upon the head of one of the parties concerned. It was meant for the best;—what could the poor old father do? could he see his child thus withering away before his eyes, and attempt nothing for him? It was the only thing he could resort to, and could I blame him for it? But with regard to Alfred—my face burnt as with coals of fire, when I thought of my name being proposed to him, how he would, most likely, spurn the proposition, and turn from me with loathing,—how his father's

entreaties and tears of agony would work upon him, perhaps, to give a consent wrung from the torture of despair.

I thought thus, till I had nearly resolved in the bitterness of pride to reject the proposition, as I felt he had done, to spurn it likewise where I was not loved and sought as any other woman. But immediately after this resolution, when I would have gone to my father and told him of my rejection, came the agony of separation from him forever, and he was at once a thousand-fold dearer in the danger of losing him altogether. Oh! no, the prize was too near, the dearly, long loved one, to let it slip from me forever. No, no, I could not let him go. How strange! could I believe it true?

Thus one moment in a delirium of transport, the next humiliated to the dust, exulting in the prospect of being ever near him to cheer and console and perform a thousand daily duties that the hand of love could do better than any other; remembering with shame how I was wooed, not by a tender lover, but a despairing father urging on a reluctant son; starting and crimsoning with shame as the true aspect of the events that had just transpired presented themselves; pride urging me to return a dignified refusal, then starting as the thought flashed over me of what I was about to do. Reject him! Oh! no, I could not.

As to the way I was wooed, what mattered it? I had never dreamed in my wildest imaginations of being wooed at all by him. He had been as a star to me. To be brought near him was sufficient happiness for one who had felt herself at such an immense distance. To be with—*him*.

When I rejoined the family, my mother looked at me anxiously as if expecting to learn the result of my meditations from my countenance. When we were alone she hesitatingly repeated the arguments my father had used, to which I maintained an impenetrable silence, indeed their way of arguing the matter, to me so sacred, was more than I could bear.

"Well, you'll have him, Mary?" she said at last, gathering boldness from her vexation at my reserve, and impatiently pushing something away as a relief to her embarrassment.

"Mother, please don't," I broke forth in torture at her want of delicacy. "Indeed, indeed, I cannot answer you now. I am sorely tried."

"Well," she said in a low tone, looking ashamed, "it's natural I should take an interest in it, being your mother."

"I know, dear mother," I answered, "but indeed this evening I cannot talk about a subject of so much delicacy."

"He comes to-morrow," she glanced at me furtively.

So soon! *he* coming to see *me* and about such a matter! I grew so nervous and agitated at the thought that I wished now the time was days and weeks off. So near the time was—a night, a few hours of the next day, then he would be there with his broken heart, his sorrow-stricken countenance, with his father, to ask me to be his wife. The ceremony

of the church might bind us, the word of the priest be pronounced over us, but I felt that he would be as far from me as ever—till—oh! sweet hope!—the patient love and forbearance, of years it might be, would work upon him to regard his lowly hand-maiden with some favor.

That night was a long, sleepless one, and the early dawn found me stretched feverish with burning lips and a parched tongue.

Starting from my bed, I went out to cool my brow in the morning air and paced the garden walk, my trembling, nervous feet scarcely pressing the sod as I walked, my whole frame so jarred that excitement alone gave me strength for such exertion.

A fresh April shower had wet the peach blossoms, and they shook their glistening pearls over me as I brushed under their branches. The violets blended their delicate perfume with the daffodils and cowslips, greeting me with their usual morning incense, the striped iris peeped forth from the borders of the lilac buds reddened and swelled as if about to burst into all their loveliness. I had risen so often to work among them before the sun was above the horizon, and their faces seemed so familiar.

Was I going to leave them? and with whom? With Alfred? impossible! it must be a dream of yesterday. I pressed my forehead with my hands.

He would come soon, they told me. What would he say? Would he show that he hated me? and how would I answer? Could I tell him that I had loved him all these long years, and that as he had suffered, so had I, that we would console one another? Yes, when he spoke to me I would have courage to justify myself at least, if I accepted their offer. Surely I could do it then.

To relieve my nervousness and prevent all opportunity for thought, I went into the house and busied myself about some of my former duties until mother appeared, when she chided me for so doing, considering it my duty as prospective member of the aristocracy, to act the lady even then. She took the broom from my hand, but I begged her with feverish eagerness, in mercy to me, to let me have it, let me do something or I should die. She looked me in the face, seemed startled at its expression, and yielded it silently.

The time passed, I know not how. As the hour approached I grew so nervous as to start convulsively at every sound. The noise of wheels almost made me faint; while my heart beat till I was suffocated. I could scarcely stand it, and, much as I dreaded the approaching interview, was in an agony for it to be over.

Mother wished me to attire myself in my best, but I made my dress as plain as possible in perfect consonance with surrounding circumstances; a dove-colored dress without a single ornament being all I wore, loathing, as I did, the vulgarity of tricking myself out in finery on such an occasion as that.

The morning wore on. I had dressed myself, and busied myself here and there for relief from

that miserable, nervous agitation, and yet they had not come.

At first I had avoided the front windows, as the sight of the coming carriage would have driven me from the house, but as time passed I looked anxiously myself, longing for relief from this torture. It did not do to think of the nature of the interview I would have to pass through, for that almost crazed me.

"Sister, please mend my jacket. I tore it just now up the tree and mother said she'd whip me if I did it again," pleaded one of my little brothers in a piteous tone.

A jagged piece of work it was, and required some thought as well as occupation of the hands. My nervous fingers accomplished it somehow, often sticking the needle in them and doing the work wrong, while he waited patiently by me, fat, chubby little fellow, for release from my hold.

I had almost completed it, was putting the last stitch, when the child, who was getting tired, cried out.

"A carriage, sister. The Grove carriage and two gentlemen in it."

Suddenly sick and almost fainting I would have run away and hid myself anywhere—anywhere, not to encounter their eyes.—I would have rushed from the house, hurried myself in the woods, if my trembling limbs could have borne me."

"Come, Mary, the gentlemen are here," said mother, nervous also now, "you must go down."

"Oh! mother! I can't." I buried my head like a frightened bird in my pillow.

"Pshaw! child! behave yourself like a lady. Be equal to any of them. See, you're tumbling your hair all up, and there isn't time to fix it. Come now, pass the brush over your hair.—There, that's all right."

Like a patient about to undergo some painful physical operation that must be done, yet dreading its commencement, but for whom the best plan is to dash through it at once and so anticipate its end, I permitted her to lead me, not daring to think, scarcely to breathe as I went down the steps. Had I paused at the parlor door, I should never have entered, but mother opened it broadly and there I suddenly confronted them, wishing the floor would mercifully open and swallow me; trembling in every limb, alternately paling and flushing as I felt the blood flowing backwards and forwards.

I saw no one, for my eyes were fixed upon the floor, except one sweeping glance that told me who was there, gave me a glimpse of a pale face, bearing the traces of suffering in the early imprinted lines, the eyes cast down with moody indifference, that had not even looked up as I, the intended bride, entered.

The elder gentleman perceived my suffering at once, and came forward to speak to me, where I stood. He took my hand with graceful kindness, pressed it to his lips, then led me towards his son.

"Miss Ashburton, my son," he said, with my hand still in his, a fatherly protection in his manner.

The young gentleman started, looked around from the window, out of which he was absently

gazing, arose from his seat, took the hand his father held towards him, scarcely touching it with his own, which was icy as death, and bowed coldly, distantly at the same time.

This was chilling, and I wished myself anywhere, rather than there. His expression of misery touched me deeply, but I was sensibly alive to the embarrassment of my own position, a most awkward one.

Mr. Chauncey was evidently determined to relieve us as much as possible; so after leading me to a seat not far from Alfred, he conversed with my father in a tone of assumed cheerfulness.

"By the by, Mr. Ashburton, I'd like to see that brag field of yours."

"It's quite near, sir. Will you walk that way? We can soon get there."

They went out noisily, relieving us as much as possible from embarrassment, slamming the door after them, treading heavily in the passage, to give an ordinary, every day sound to these matters of such delicacy, where we two young people were thrown together so purposely.

I wanted to run too, and could have burst into tears as I felt my helplessness, falling so readily into their previously planned arrangements.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Tear down the flaunting lie,
Half-mast the starry flag,
Insult no sunny sky,
With *hate's polluted rag!*
Destroy it, ye who can;
Deep sink it in the waves,
It bears a fellow man
To groan with fellow slaves."

[*Horace Greeley.*

RODES' BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES.

THE recent work of E. A. Pollard, of Virginia, entitled the "Lost Cause," and which has obtained so extensive a circulation in the Southern States, is manifestly sadly deficient in many of the elements which constitute a truthful and reliable history. If he had seen proper to have procured facts and incidents at the hands of trust-worthy and intelligent subordinate officers and privates, it is probable that he would have been more successful in avoiding the many glaring errors which are so palpable in his work. The "Lost Cause" will, doubtless, bring a handsome profit, pecuniarily, to the author, but such a book, evidently compiled principally from the hastily gotten up, and inaccurate accounts of newspaper correspondents, and editors, cannot but be deservedly short-lived, and scarcely worth the paper used in its publication. It is not my purpose to enter into an extended criticism, or analysis, of its characteristics, nor even to attempt to point out the numerous discrepancies which are so apparent in this extravagant and partial history. If I did not prefer even that some abler pen should perform this delicate, and yet, necessary task, space would forbid it. He has manifested, throughout the entire work, a disposition to give great and undue prominence to officers and men from his own State, over those of other Southern States. With his censure and abuse of the great head of our late Confederacy, we can have no sympathy, and we are positively indignant at the ascription to Virginia valor of nearly every victory by the army of Northern Virginia. The Virginians did their duty nobly and well, but the Carolinians, Georgians, Alabamians, and, indeed, troops from all the Confederate States, heroically shared with them their dangers and sufferings, and participated in their glorious successes.

Mr. Pollard states in his book, (so-called history,) that at the battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, Virginia, on the 31st of May, 1862, the Virginia brigades of Pickett and Pryor bore the brunt of the engagement, and totally ignores the fact that Anderson's and Garland's North Carolina; Colquitt's and Thomas' Georgia, and Rodes', Law's, and Wilcox's Alabama brigades, also, took part in the glories and dangers of that never to be forgotten day. The writer of this article, (at that time an officer in the 12th Alabama regiment, of Rodes' brigade, D. H. Hill's division,) was present at the battle of Seven Pines, and can testify to his brigade's "acting well its part" in that battle, though Mr. Pollard did not see fit to make mention of it. Despite the swindling trumpery displayed in the "Lost Cause," the truth will prevail, and justice will be meted out to those who deserve it. I propose, as accurately and as briefly as possible, to

give an account of the part taken in the battle of Seven Pines by Rodes' brigade, consisting of the 5th, 6th, and 12th Alabama regiments, the 12th Mississippi, and 26th Virginia battalion. On the morning of the 31st of May, 1862, Brigadier General (afterwards Major General) Rodes, one of the most gallant and accomplished officers of the Virginia Army, was ordered by Major General D. H. Hill, commanding division, to attack the enemy at Seven Pines, where General Casey's Headquarters were located. The 6th Ala., under Col., since Lieut. Gen. J. B. Gordon, was deployed as skirmishers, and the 12th Ala., Colonel R. T. Jones, 5th Ala., Colonel C. C. Pegues, 12th Miss., Colonel Taylor, and 26th Va., battalion followed in line of battle. Soon after the battle commenced the whole brigade, amidst a perfect hail of iron, moved directly upon the strong fortifications and camp of Seven Pines proper, and in a very short time the works were in our possession, and the camp, with all its equipage and stores, at our mercy. The brigade crossed the works immediately in front of the twelve Napoleon guns captured on that day, and the writer had in his hands documents, official and private, belonging to General Casey, who was in immediate command at that point. This engagement was a fatal one to many gallant and promising officers and men of the brigade. Many a noble heart that in the morning beat high with hope, and exulted in the prospect of meeting the hated foe, before sunset was stilled by death. Gen. R. E. Rodes was wounded. Col. R. T. Jones, senior colonel of the 12th Alabama, a graduate of West Point, and one of the most unflinching and thorough disciplinarians and excellent officers in the army, was killed after the works were taken. Gen. Hill, in a brief congratulatory address to the 12th Alabama, a few days after, fitly spoke of him as a "glorious Colonel." The 12th lost many other gallant officers, among them, Capt. R. H. Keeling, of Tuskegee, Ala., a graduate of V. M. Institute, and classmate of Generals Rodes, Mahone and Colston. His death was a loss not only to his splendid company, but to the entire country. Capt. Darwin and Lieutenants Ryan and Hammond were also killed, and Captains Nicholson, Tucker and Davis (all since dead,) were severely wounded. Of 408 men carried into action, fifty-one (one out of eight) were left dead on the field, and one hundred and fifty-four were wounded, over half of our regiment being placed *hors du combat.*

Lieut. Col. Willingham and Maj. Nesmith, of the 6th Ala., and nine Captains out of twelve were killed out right, besides numbers of other officers and over one hundred men of that regiment.—Senior Captain Bell was killed and forty-four of his men killed or wounded. Capt. Aug. Flournoy a brave youth of 19 years, also fell, and his company was terribly cut up.

In the 12th Ala., one company, (H.) lost eleven men, and another (B.) nine men killed in a space of twenty steps.

The 5th Ala. had its Lt. Col., Hall, wounded and Adjutant killed, and lost many of its bravest and best officers and men.

The 12th Miss., and 26th Va., also acted nobly and suffered heavily.

Perhaps if Mr. Pollard had been aware of the casualties above mentioned, he might have been induced to mention that Rodes' brigade, afterwards known as "Battle's Alabama brigade," shared with his favorite Virginia brigades the dangers and glories of the bloody battle of Seven Pines. Will he be more faithful and impartial in a future edition of his history? It is to be hoped so.

ROBERT E. PARK.

Tuskegee, Ala.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND JEFFERSON DAVIS—A COMPARISON.

Lincoln and Davis were the chieftains of contending principles and communities. The first was the head of the Federalistic element, the other of State Sovreign Democracy. By the power of numbers, the one triumphed and the other fell, so far as principles may be said to fall by the defeat of armies. The one was an unsettled, shifting, vulgar, rollicking man—the other serious, grave, dignified, and determined. The one was a plebeian by nature—the other a nobleman. As between these contestants as men, the rise and fall of armies have done little else than to bring them out into stronger contrast. The triumphant party is now dead—he fills the grave of an unwept tyrant, and will be execrated the more as the wheels of time roll on, fanning the chaff from the wheat. Lincoln cared nothing for the triumph of principle—he was satisfied with the din and clash of the hour.—And so, at the sacrifice of principle and the nation's honor in a hundred ways, he triumphed over his opponent. What are the results secured by that bloody triumph? What questions are settled? The States are further from union now than ever—the people are bound under a monstrous load of oppressions and tyrannies, and are at last, and not unexpectedly, cursing the being whose triumph was their ruin! How stands his opponent? Bowed with the sorrows of his people, he may still stand erect over the grave of his dead foe, and exclaim, "Shake not your gory locks at me;" "Thou did'st it!" Had Jefferson Davis sacrificed those principles upon which his people went into the struggle, the arrogant North, and not the South, would be the stricken land. Had Jefferson Davis departed from his determined "defensive warfare"—had he enlisted the slaves of the South in his armies under the flag of emancipation in

1862, the North would have been a smoking slaughterpen! But the banner of his people had been thrown to the breeze, and under its waving folds he and his people fell together in a Spartan embrace! History will yet vindicate the truth, and Jefferson Davis, the statesman, scholar and hero, will outlive a hundred Lincolns on those pages of his country's history, where are enrolled the names of the peerless and true, the noble and self-sacrificing!

[*Sentinel-on-the-Border.*

FLORENCE.

When first her eyes fell on mine own,
With all their magic light,
It seemed as if all earth had grown
More beautiful and bright;
My soul felt all the thrilling bliss
That can from loved eyes gleam,
As sweet as love's first tender kiss
In youth's romantic dream.

Oh! but to see her queen like form;
Her smile from Beauty's lips,
They're like the sun-shine aft the storm
That down the rain-bow dips;
They glow like morning's russet light
Which tells the coming day,
And fill the soul with visions bright
That will not pass away.

Sweeter than guzla or guitar,
Or music of the rill,
Her voice like melody afar
Can all my senses thrill;
I've felt the magic of its tone,
The witchery of its spell,
Until all other thoughts have flown
Save those that love her well.

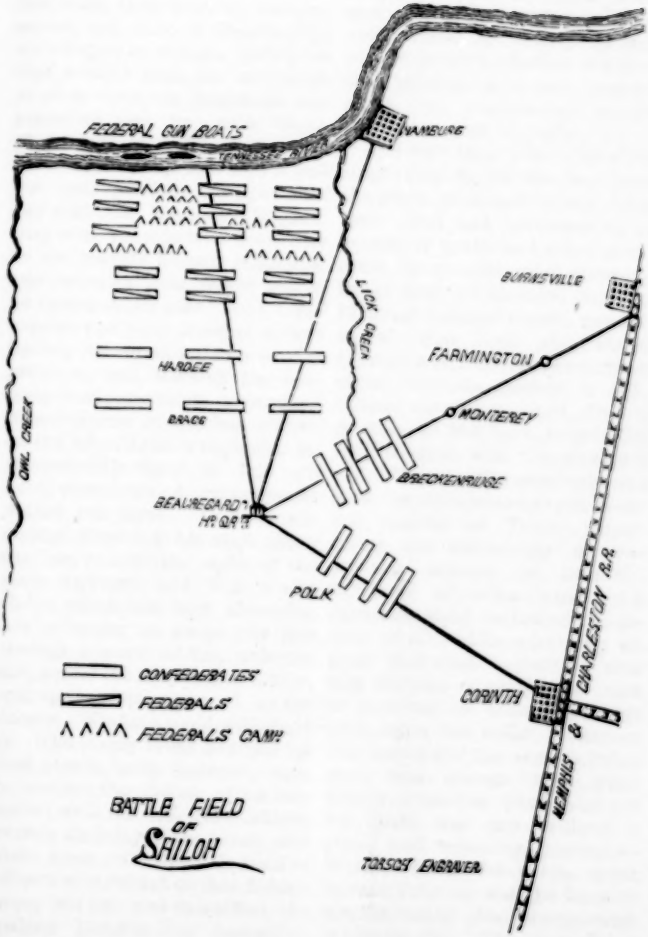
J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

SKETCH OF THE 1ST KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

Two roads, the one from Corinth, the other from Burnsville, lead to Pittsburg landing, they unite on a ridge four miles from the river, and thence the road, gradually descending a long slope, leads to the Tennessee, along a spur of the hilly range with lateral slopes to Lick creek on the one side and Owl creek on the other, the whole tongue of land between these streams is densely wooded with unbroken forests, and as it approaches within a mile of the river is covered, in addition, with a thick mass of undergrowth sweeping to its banks. On this unfavorable ground the battle was to be fought. On the morning of April the 4th, at 3 o'clock, a. m., the reserve corps marched from Burnsville by way of Farmington and Monterey expecting to reach the point of junction of the two roads that night, a heavy rain storm, however, obstructed its progress as well as that of the other divisions of the army, and it was not until the night of the 5th of April that it reached the junction. Rations had been provided for three days, but no tents and no baggage were taken—the want of which added greatly to the discomfort of the commands, and rendered many unfit for duty. The delay and the tired condition of the troops on the night of the 5th caused a difference of opinion to prevail at the Council of war as to the propriety of attacking, but General Johnston determined to proceed. The other divisions had, on the night of the 5th, reached the positions assigned them and were posted thus, the third corps formed the first line of battle, its right resting on Lick creek and its left on Owl creek, and bivouacked in order of battle within half a mile of the enemy, who seems to have been unconscious of the blow about to be struck. In rear of that, the first corps, under General Bragg, bivouacked in order of battle a quarter of a mile distant. The second corps, under General Polk, was massed in column of brigades on the road from Corinth, immediately in rear of the junction with the Monterey road, and had orders to move up and form in line of battle so soon as the troops in advance had moved on sufficiently, while the reserve corps, under General Breckinridge, was massed in column of brigades on the Monterey road with orders to move when General Polk's corps had passed, and hold itself subject to the contingencies of the day. At 5 a. m., on the morning of April 6th, General Hardee drove in the pickets of the enemy, and the terrible battle of Shiloh commenced. Steadily and irresistibly he swept on, driving the enemy before him until the camps were reached, where the resistance became most desperate. The second line of battle, under General Bragg, had by this time been brought up and intermingled with the first line, and the central advanced camp of the enemy was

abandoned by him only, however, that he might make the more stubborn resistance behind it and in front of the others. Observing an attempt of the enemy to flank on the extreme left, General Beauregard sent orders to detach the Kentucky brigade, and send it to that point. This was done—the command now devolving upon Col. Robt. P. Trabue, Colonel of the 4th Kentucky and senior Colonel of the brigade. During the whole of that bloody day, from 9 o'clock when it became engaged, it maintained the reputation of its native State, and slowly but surely pushed back the force opposed to it; it never gave way or was broken, though terribly cut to pieces; it never charged that it did not break the ranks of the army, and it was found when the action closed in the evening after ten hours of continuous fighting in the front rank of the army. It will be necessary to refer more particularly, to its movements as we progress. Owing to the dense mass of the undergrowth the troops were brought in close proximity to each other, and the firing was consequently destructive, murderous and deadly.

Two o'clock had arrived, the whole army was, and had been engaged for hours, with the exception of Bowen's and Statham's brigades, of the reserve corps.—The enemy had been driven through, and from half of his camps, but refused to give back further, giving way on his right and left wings, he had massed his force heavily in the centre, and poured an almost unintermitting hail of fire, murderous beyond description, from his covert of trees and bushes, when General Breckinridge was ordered up to break his line. Having been most of the day in observation on the Hamburg road, marching in column of regiments, the reserve was now moved by the left flank, until opposite the point of attack, rapidly deployed, in line of battle, Statham's brigade forming the right, and Bowen's the left. The long slope of the ridge was here abruptly broken by a succession of small hills or undulations of about fifty feet in height, dividing the rolling country from the river bottom, and behind the crest of the last of these, the enemy was concealed: opposite them, at the distance of seventy-five yards, was another long swell or hillock, the summit of which it was necessary to attain, in order to open fire, and to this elevation, the reserve moved, in order of battle, at a double-quick. In an instant, the opposing height was one sheet of flame. Battle's Tennessee regiment, on the extreme right, gallantly maintained itself, pushing forward under a withering fire, and establishing itself well in advance. Little's Tennessee regiment, next to it, delivered its fire at random and inefficiently, became disordered, and retired, in confusion down the slope; three times it was rallied by its Lieut. Colonel, assisted by Colonel T. T. Hawkins, Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Breckinridge, and by the Adjutant General, and carried up the slope only to be as often repulsed, and driven back: the regiment of the enemy opposed to it, in the in-


FEDERAL GUN BOATS
TENNESSEE RIVER
HAMBURG
BURNSVILLE
LICK CREEK
FARMINGTON
HARDEE
MONTERSEY
OWL CREEK
BRAGG
BRECKENRIDGE
BEAUREGARD'S HD QR'S
POLK
CONFEDERATES
FEDERALS
FEDERALS CAN'T
CORINTH
MEMPHIS & CHARLESTON R.R.
BATTLE FIELD OF SHILOH
TORSEY ENGRAVER

tervals, directing an oblique fire upon Battle's regiment, now contending against overwhelming odds. The crisis of the contest had come, there were no more reserves, and General Breckinridge determined to charge, calling his staff around him, he communicated to them his intentions, and remarked that he, with them, would lead it. They were all Kentuckians, and although it was not their privilege to fight that day with the Kentucky brigade, they were yet men who knew how to die bravely among strangers, and some, at least, would live to do justice to the rest. The Commander-in-Chief, General Albert Sydney Johnston, rode up at this juncture, and learning the contemplated movement, determined to accompany it, placing himself on the left of Little's regiment, his commanding figure in full uniform, conspicuous to every eye, he waited the signal. Gen. Breckinridge disposing his staff along the line, rode to the right of the same regiment, and with a wild shout, which rose high above the din of battle, on swept the line through a storm of fire, over the hill, across the intervening ravine, and up the slope occupied by the enemy. Nothing could withstand it. The enemy broke and fled for half a mile, hotly pursued, until he reached the shelter of his batteries; well did the Kentuckians sustain that day their honor, and their fame. Of the little band of officers who started on that forlorn hope, but one was unscathed, the gallant Breckinridge himself.—Colonel Hawkins was wounded in the face, Captain Allen's leg was torn to pieces by a shell; the horses of the fearless boy, Cabell Breckinridge, and of the Adjutant General were killed under them, and General Johnston was lifted, dying, from his saddle. It may well be doubted whether the success, brilliant as it was, decisive as it was, compensated for the loss of the great Captain.

Few men have moved upon the stage of public life who have been the peers of Albert Sidney Johnston. Tall and commanding in person, of gentle and winning address, he was the most unassuming of men, yet his mind was cast in nature's largest mould, possessed of that high and serene courage which no reverses or trials could overcome, patient in difficulties, earnest in effort, firm in purpose, he had been invested by the President with the powers of a Pro-Consul. His sway extended from the Alleghanies to the Western confines of Texas. Supervising the movements of five separate armies, in countries hundreds of miles apart, his capacious mind embraced the details of all, while exercising almost unlimited authority over four millions of people, no stain of personal or selfish ambition rests upon his noble character. The nation and the army felt that there was always hope while Sidney Johnston lived, and yet his death was not without a grand and crowning triumph.—Well he knew the battle must be won, fully as well he knew to win the battle, that charge must be successful. The last vision which fell upon his glazing sight was the flying ranks of the enemy,

the last sound which struck upon his ears, now sealing in death, was the exultant shouts of his army, telling him that the field was won, which he believed, secured the triumph of the cause for which he offered up his life.

—Pure and lofty had been the great soldier's life
Grand and worthy even of himself was his death.

The general repulse of the enemy had now thrown the reserve on the extreme right of the Confederate line, far on the left might be heard the musketry of the Kentucky brigade and the roar of its artillery as it pushed its columns forward; it was fighting its way to its gallant General and the hour was drawing near when they were to meet in the pride of glorious success. General Bragg, observing that behind the right flank of the enemy dense masses of troops were massed, from which reserves were drawn to sustain his line, concentrated the fire of his batteries, loaded with spherical case, and shell upon them; the effect was magical; the right of the enemy broke and fled, the centre followed, then the left wing; and charging along the whole line the Confederate army swept through the camps of the enemy, capturing three thousand prisoners and driving the Federal force cowering beneath the shelter of the iron-clad gun boats, and then and there, in the full fruition of success, the Kentucky brigade and its General met for the first time during that bloody day since their separation in the morning, both covered with glory, both proud of and gratified with each other. The terrible day of reckoning so long and so patiently waited for had come at last, and as they strode over the field of blood their pathway to vengeance had been lit by the gleam of bayonets and the lurid glare of the cannon's flash. The greatest conflict which as yet had taken place between the sections had been won by the scorned and despised "Southern mob." For fifteen hours they steadily drove before them the finest army of the Federal Government. Superior in numbers, in discipline, in arms and equipments, the army of Grant had lost its camps, its baggage, provisions and supplies, and the panic-stricken remnant of it huddled cowering under the banks of the Tennessee, only protected from total annihilation by the gun boats lying in the stream, a disorganized and terror-stricken mob, while its dead and wounded lay in thousands for miles behind the Confederate army. By some fatal misapprehension of those in authority, which it is useless now to discuss, the full fruits of the victory were not gathered. The Confederate army paused when it had only to stretch forth its hands and grasp as prisoners of war the whole hostile force. Night fell quickly over the scene of carnage and the tired heroes, worn out with the long and harassing march of the preceding days, and the fifteen hours of mortal combat, sank, by regiments and brigades, upon the blood-soaked earth, amid the dead and dying, to sleep—a sleep so deep and profound that not even the groans of the wounded or the deep boom of

the heavy guns of the enemy, which were fired during the whole night, could break or disturb it. No record exists of a contest between such numbers of men in a country so densely wooded and in a space so confined. Brilliant generalship General Johnston undoubtedly displayed in surprising the enemy, and in the skill with which he handled raw troops, hurling mass after mass upon the enemy and beating him in detail, but there was neither room nor opportunity for strategy or maneuvre—it was a death grapple of man to man—stern and deadly combat in which the men of the South maintained their long and proud preëminence.

During the night, Gen. Buell with a fresh army of twenty-five thousand men, nearly as large as the Confederate army originally was, came up, hastily crossed the river, and threw himself in front of the army defeated on the 6th. The Confederate army in the meantime, after despoiling the Federal camps, had been withdrawn beyond them and formed anew in order of battle. Skirmishing commenced at 6 o'clock, a. m., but the engagement did not become general until 9 o'clock, a. m., from which time, until 2 p. m., the Northern armies were again as on the day before steadily driven back through its camps, and forced towards the river. A heavy and continuous rain had commenced falling at midnight, after the battle of the 6th, and continued until near daylight, the effect of this upon men, wearied and exhausted, as was the Southern army, was terrible. The wounded, who had fallen late in the evening, and near the enemy's lines, could not be recovered, they were, consequently, exposed during the entire night, and endured sufferings of the most agonizing character. It was impossible too, in the darkness and confusion, to reform the lines for a night bivouack with that accuracy desirable, in such critical circumstances, and the proximity of the abandoned camps of the enemy afforded a temptation to straggling which, in too many cases, proved irresistible, and as was seen during the battle of the next day, demoralized many corps, and impaired the efficiency to a great extent of the army, and it may, with truth, be said, led to the loss of the second day's battle. So great indeed had been the diminution of the ranks, by death, wounds, and straggling, that at no time during the contest of the 7th, was General Beauregard enabled to bring more than fifteen thousand effective men to hand in battle. The army of the enemy under General Grant had been totally defeated, and had only escaped complete rout and annihilation by its inabilty to cross the Tennessee river, and the protection of the gun-boats; thousands had been slain, thousands wounded, thousands captured, and thousands demoralized, but in a force so large as it originally was (estimated by its own officers at forty-two thousand men) there were, of course, large masses capable of effective service on Monday; to these was to be added the force of Buell of 25,000 fresh troops, and it may be safely

estimated, that, notwithstanding the reverse of Sunday, and the immense loss of the enemy on that day, he took the field on Monday with quite forty thousand combatants, or nearly three times the Southern force. The leaders of the Confederate army were fully advised of the re-inforcement, and of the peril which threatened the Confederate army in a second conflict, in its exhausted condition, but they deemed it necessary to cripple this force before withdrawing from the field.

The Kentucky brigade which had preserved to a great extent its organization, and discipline, was again stationed upon the extreme left. Its battery of artillery, commanded by Capt. Byrne, (Cobb's battery having on Sunday, been destroyed in battle,) was engaged for three hours with two batteries of the enemy, firing during the duel, more than one thousand cartridges, and finally silenced both. The infantry drawn up in order of battle, as a support to the battery, stood enthusiastic spectators of the tremendous cannonade, and, although frequently suffering severely from the grape of the enemy, more than once broke spontaneously into a shout of encouragement and admiration at the gallant manner in which Byrne handled his guns. The enemy hurled charge after charge of infantry against it, but unsuccessfully. The fifth regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Thos. H. Hunt, charged in turn routing the opposing force, but with some loss to its force, losing many valuable officers.—Colonel Robert Trabue, of the 4th Kentucky regiment, as senior Colonel of the brigade, commanded it on this, as on the preceding day, with conspicuous gallantry, and marked soldiery ability.

But there is a limit to human endurance. The battle of the 7th was fought by Gen. Beauregard, with but fifteen thousand men, exhausted by the struggle of the preceding day, he had received no reinforcements, and he determined, at 2 o'clock. p. m., to withdraw. In good order, and with the precision of a parade, division after division was withdrawn.—General Breckinridge, with his own brigade and Statham's brigade, bringing up the rear, and bivouacking at the summit of the ridge, during the night, within sight of the enemy's lines. A soaking rain fell all night upon the wearied troops of the rear guard while the rest of the army slowly made its way to Corinth.

Many of the noblest of the sons of Kentucky had fallen, but conspicuous in position and character were two men, who in the same discharge, in the same regiment, and within a few feet of each other, fell mortally wounded.

George W. Johnson, of Scott county, Kentucky, had passed more than forty years of his life in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. Singularly modest and retiring in demeanor, he had seemed to scorn the turmoil of public life and the undignified contest for public place. The soul of honor and high integrity, he was respected by all who came in contact with him; earnest and sincere in purpose, his course in

all things was open, to a proverb; cultivated in mind, he was a profound thinker if not an active participator in national politics.—Early in the history of secession he had arrived at the conclusion that the separation was final, and with all the earnestness of his straight-forward nature he had urged that Kentucky should share the fate and cast her fortunes with the South. When it was evident that the Legislature of Kentucky had sold and bartered her honor to the Federal Government, he promptly abandoned home and its tranquil enjoyments to cast his lot with those of his countrymen, who were gathering at Bowling Green to resist the attempt at coercion, and yet in an act of revolution, the strong reverence of the man for law, order, and regular government manifested itself. Mainly and almost wholly to his efforts is due the formation of the Provisional Government of Kentucky, of which he was elected the head; and when the army retreated from Kentucky, gathering his Council around him, he accompanied it in all its vicissitudes and movements. On Sunday, during the battle of Shiloh he served as a volunteer Aid-de-Camp to the commanding officer of the Kentucky brigade until his horse was killed under him, when seizing a musket he took his place in the ranks of the 4th regiment and fought on foot during the remainder of the day. Monday morning found him in the same humble position, assuming all the duties and sharing all the dangers of a simple private in the ranks. At eleven o'clock he fell shot through the body, remaining alone and unaided on the field while the army fell back, and during the long and inclement night which succeeded; he was found on the morning of Tuesday by the enemy, and died in his camp. None who knew him can doubt that through the long hours of that day of agony, and the silent stillness of that night of suffering and pain, his great heart was consoled by the conviction of the swift coming independence of his country.

Thos. B. Monroe had early entered public life, his firmness of character, depth of information, and brilliancy of talent indicated him as a leader of men in the first hours of his manhood. Called before he was thirty years of age to the Secretaryship of State, he had zealously and determinedly advocated the secession of the State, disappointed as were thousands of others, at her luke-warmness, he had resigned the Secretaryship, and making his way through the lines of the Federal army, to Bowling Green, had been appointed Major of the 4th Kentucky regiment; the promise of his military career equalled that of his civil life. A few weeks only was necessary to place him high in the estimation of the senior officers of the army, and to win for him the unbounded confidence of his men. He fell, mortally wounded, within a few feet of Governor Johnson, and died on the field of battle, bequeathing his sword to his infant son, and with the last breath, requesting he might be told, "his father had died in defence of his

honor, and the rights of his country."

The morning of the 8th of April was consumed in falling back to the junction of the Corinth and Burnsville roads, where Gen. Breckinridge stubbornly took his stand, with his force bivouacking in the open air, sinking often to their boot tops in mud, drenched nightly with the rain, he and they obstinately refused to move an inch until the wounded in the hospitals were removed. Again and again the enemy sent out strong columns to dislodge him, sometimes these were charged by the cavalry, under Forrest and Adams, and driven back in disorder, losing many prisoners.—Sometimes over-awed by his firm and dauntless front, they retired without attacking; for five days he thus held his position, his whole force subsisting on rations of damaged bread and raw pork. When he did move, every wounded man had been sent forward, the army was safe in its lines at Corinth. On the 13th of April, he marched at the head of his band of heroes, wasted now to spectres, haggard with hunger and suffering, into Corinth. He had won for himself throughout that entire army, the reputation of a skillful General, a brave and courageous captain, and had now the ardent love and devotion of strangers as well as friends, and was the idol of the Reserve. At Corinth, he received the just reward of his high and soldierly conduct, the commission of a Major-General, and passed to the command, permanently, of a division. Here appropriately ends the history of these troops as a brigade; they served throughout the war in other brigades and divisions, but no longer continued to act as one organization.

The cause of Southern independence has gone down in blood. These men and their compeers had elected to try their cause in the tribunal of last resort, the forum of battle; the verdict has been rendered against them; there is no expectation or perhaps wish for further appeal. Hanson fell mortally wounded at Murfreesboro, Helm died at Chickamauga, Thompson was slain on the very spot of his birth and his infancy in Kentucky, to which he had returned after three stormy years of absence. Buckner surrendered his sword last of all the commanders of the South in the extreme western confines of the Confederacy, and only when the advancing wave of Federal conquest after sweeping across the face of the continent had borne to his very feet the wreck of the nation whose soldier he deemed himself. Breckinridge in exile with saddened eyes strives through the mists of the great lakes of the north to catch some glimpse of the land he loved so fervently and served so faithfully. Of their less distinguished comrades, hundreds are lying all along the route of the sad retreat from Bowling Green, consigned to unconsecrated earth, their requium the sighs of their sorrowing comrades. Many are resting by the lonely banks of the Tennessee and beneath the deep shadows of the tropical foliage of Baton Rouge. They will sleep none the less tranquilly in their quiet and

unmarked graves because the dear land, for whose deliverance they fought so long and so well, is ground by the heel of centralized power. Some survive, their mutilated forms monuments of a heroism, which would have illustrated the days of Bayard or of Coeur de Lion. The memory of neither the living nor the dead "will be rendered infamous" until the peoples of the earth have ceased to honor manliness of spirit, freedom of thought and heroism of deeds. Embued with the loftiest sentiments which ever animated the bosoms of men, they went forth to poverty, to exile, to suffering, to battle and to death for what they believed to be the maintenance of constitutional liberty and free government.

Selfish ambitions and personal aspirations had no abiding place in their world. Men bore the firelock and served as subalterns, who could, with brilliant genius, have wielded the baton of Generals. Among them, but one ambition existed, who should most faithfully serve, who should most steadfastly die. Kentucky has no cause to blush for them, the principles they upheld had been taught them on her soil, they are embalmed in the archives of her Legislatures, enunciated in manifestos of her Conventions. Wayward though she may deem these children in the assertion of her rights, they are still her sons. Not now, perhaps, but in the fulness of coming time, the proud old mother will, with an eager zeal, gather these her offspring, to rest in the only fitting place, her honored bosom. Not now, perhaps, but in the coming time, on that monument which she has erected at her Capital to those who have in the past, and will in the future, serve her, she will inscribe their names, and write beneath them, "these, too, were my children, and died in what they believed was the defence of my honor." We, who saw the gallant dead shrouded in their gory cerements, await with calm confidence the coming of that time.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN—EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

MARCH, 1836.—Was very much entertained by a dispute between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Preston on *imagination*, originating in the broad meaning Judge Harper had given it in his oration before the South Carolina Literary Society, who illustrates his meaning by asserting that it was Newton's imagination that awakened his attention to the wherefore of the falling of the apple.

Mr. P. agreed with Judge Harper. Mr. C. thought a wider meaning was given to the word than was right, at any rate than was usually accepted.

Messrs. Preston, Pickens, Clay and Calhoun dined with us. Mr. Pickens told Mr. Calhoun that he understood Mr. Webster was to speak on Monday upon the constitutionality of receiving petitions on abolition, when he was to annihilate Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Watkins Leigh. Mr. Calhoun replied with a somewhat chafed air, that he would be glad to meet him, that he defied mortal ingenuity to prove that right; that he rather supposed Mr. W. was going to speak only on the propriety of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. Mr. Preston said he had no doubt that would be the point on which Mr. Webster's speech would mainly turn, and that it was a more questionable point than the other.

Friday 13th, 1837.—Mr. Preston spoke to-day on the Expunging bill, in his highest manner.—I understand it was a dignified and solemn speech, and when he alluded to his fallen Virginia and his own State, there was a mournful swell and pathos about it that thrilled to every heart.

Mr. Calhoun also spoke for about 15 minutes—solemnly addressed the Senate and concluded by saying, "The gentlemen who vote for the Expunging resolution violate the Constitution—violate their oaths, and they know it."—

Monday 16th January.—This day Col. Benton completed his triumph over the Constitution of his country.

The Expunging was perpetrated last night, and well did the night hours befit such a deed of darkness. Mr. Preston says they marched to this dirty deed thro' a blaze of eloquence. Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, all spoke nobly, and Mr. Webster closed the scene by reading an earnest protest on the part of his colleague and himself against such unhallowed proceedings.

Extract of a letter, September 10th, 1849.—I do not perceive that Mr. Preston has fallen off at all in interest or in elocution, but is very interesting, as much so as ever he was, only not dealing quite as much in those flashes of wit and merriment that he was once wont to do. * * * * He told me that on one occasion he had to defend a man accused of murder. The day before the court he was traveling all day,

and while traveling recollected the similarity between this case and that of Milo. That night he turned to this celebrated speech of Cicero, committed to memory three pages, and next day spoke it as a part of his argument. The accused in both instances were of notoriously bad character, and the slayer, (Cicero contended) had a right to presume would be attacked as soon as an encounter occurred, and therefore the killing was an act of self defence. The defence was successful. Mr. Preston certainly played Cicero that time.

The above letter was written to impress on the mind of the young gentleman to whom it was addressed, the necessity of keeping up his knowledge of his classics whilst engaged in his profession.

Mr. Preston often wrote down passing thoughts and suggestions for the young gentlemen immediately under his charge, whilst President of the South Carolina College. The following, I presume, is one of them. It has neither date nor address, but there are marks upon it that indicate the period and occasion.

"The preliminary qualities of a true gentleman are piety, faith, honor, courage, courtesy, generosity, politeness. To these appertain naturally and incidentally the minor morals *les petites mœurs*, gracefulness, affability, deference.

"He should have many of those qualities which we imply in the word *chivalry*—a Christian form of character hardly known to Pagan antiquity, not known in heathenness.

"The gentleman should be without fear and without reproach.—He should be entitled to bear Bayard's shield and motto, and have more purity of life than Bayard.

"Sir Philip Sidney is the nearest approach to the *beau ideal*. In antiquity, Hector, as delineated by Homer, is the nearest approach of fictitious characters.

"Don Quixotte, divested of his insanity, is a high example. One laughs at the Don, but all love and honor him, and those things in his character which make us love and honor him are those which make the gentleman. The laughter springs from a most artistic exaggeration of fine qualities, in themselves amiable and admirable. No one would have ventured to laugh at him to his face. Such would have encountered a jeopardy. The presence of madness never subdued him into meanness, a quality of vice and cowardice, two things the most foreign from the nature of a gentleman.

"In the perfection of his character, I would have him well born, that is, of gentle blood and of the breeding conformable to it. He should have done something conspicuous in arts or arms.

"It was very gentleman-like in Sir Philip when the water was brought to him, wounded, to pass it to the wounded soldier who needed it more.

"It was an act of the same nature, though less in degree, when Bentiago gave his horse to the King to effect his escape from the field of battle. Sir Philip's was the higher act, because the soldier was of poor and humble condition,

and therefore the humanity was pure and unalloyed; in the case of Bentiago there was loyalty, and a deference to rank. Sidney's simple words, as he passed the untasted cup from his own lips towards the wounded soldier, 'thy necessity is greater than mine,' tell a nobler tale than the pomp of the Spanish verse as given by Lockhart."

For several years before his death, Mr. Preston was a member of the Episcopal Church. He was an humble, sincere Christian, constantly regretting he did not *feel* more, and his earnest prayer was, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Not long before his death this darkness of mind was wonderfully removed. Turning to an esteemed and loved friend and minister, he said, "dear brother M. I hear the gate of heaven opening—it does not alarm me, I have no fear of death. All my trust—all my hope is in the merits of my blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ." At another time, he said, "I trust in the goodness and mercy of my Heavenly Father, whose wings of love are now over me." When still nearer his end, "I see my blessed Saviour smiling more and more upon me. There is not the shadow of a doubt—not a cloud upon my mind. There is no dimning vail between me and Him." And afterwards, "How could I doubt this glorious truth, the witness of the Spirit. Oh! it is true, it is true. It is a blessed reality, this doctrine of full assurance."

Mr. Preston died on the — day of May, 1860, at the house of his brother, Gen. John S. Preston, in Columbia, S. C., surrounded by some of his dearest relatives and friends, and was followed to the grave by an immense concourse of mourning fellow-citizens.

LESPEDEZA STRIATA, OR JAPAN CLOVER, THE NEW FORAGE PLANT OF THE SOUTH.

THE migration of plants from one country to another, has long attracted the attention of botanists and farmers. The subject possesses an interest to the naturalist, apart from the mere introduction of a valuable addition to agriculture, or of a noxious weed, as it tends to illustrate the aptitude of some plants, to overcome obstacles which others are too feeble to do,—a potency in constitutional vigor to resist unfavorable conditions, and to adapt themselves to the changeable vicissitudes of seasons, of climate, and of soil in new situations. The Geographical distribution of plants over the earth, has a significance which throws light upon the great study of Nature, and every addition to our knowledge tends to elucidate the subject.

We have now a large number of plants in this country which have been introduced from abroad, many from the Northern parts of Europe, with which we have most frequent communication, some from Western, and some from Eastern Asia. These plants have become perfectly naturalized, and exhibit as much (and in some cases, more) vigor and hardiness, than the natives, whose places they usurp. Of the more common and well-known kinds, may be mentioned, the *Sheep bur or Cockle bur*, that pest to wool growers,—the *Ox eye Daisy, the Wild Camomile—Plantain—Mullen—Jamestown weed*—three or four species of *Dock*, of which the *Field Sorrel* (Rumex acetosella) is well known in all old fields,—*Bermuda or Jointed grass*—*Nut grass*,—*Black seed grass*,—*Crow-foot grass*,—and the *Dutch, or Goose-foot grass*. These are all foreign importations, and exhibit a prepotency over the native vegetation that gives them a universal diffusion.

We have also given to Europe, some of our plants which have found there a congenial home. *The Horse weed or Butter weed*, (Erigeron Canadense) so common all over the United States, in pastures and fallow lands, has reached and pervaded Europe;—and a slender aquatic found here in our sluggish streams (Anacharsis Canadensis) has got over into England, and in such abundance as to impede navigation in their canals.

There are some plants which show so strong a disposition to follow man in his peregrinations, that they may well be called "domesticated," springing up without invitation, wherever he makes his home, and following him in all his migrations. The *common Plantain* (Plantago Major,) and called by the Aborigines, from this fact, "White man's foot"—the *Dandelion—Lamb's quarter—Mullen*, and some others are well known examples.

The subject of our present

notice, Lespedeza Striata, is one of these foreign plants, which has found a congenial home here in our Southern States, and is spreading all over the country. Of its foreign origin there can be no doubt whatever.

1st. It has all the habits of an exotic and lately introduced plant, being confined to road-sides and settlements, and not found in the deep uncleared forests.

2nd. It was unknown to the earlier botanists of this country. No notice or mention of it is made by Bartram, or Pursh, Michaux, Nuttall, Walter, Elliott, McBride and others; and neither Darby nor Chapman in their late works on the Flora of the Southern States make any allusion to it. It was not seen by any botanist previous to eighteen and twenty years ago.

3rd. It is exactly the plant described by Thunberg in his "Flora Japonica" (1784) as Hedysarum striatum,—and afterwards by Hooker and Arnott in "Botany of Beechey's voyage" as Lespedeza striata, from collections made in China and Japan. We have a specimen from Hong Kong which is identical with the South Carolina plant.

When and how it was introduced;—and the cause of its rapid and universal propagation within the past few years are questions not so easily solved.

As stated above, it was certainly unknown to the earlier botanists. Dr. Bachman who botanized through the low country of South Carolina and around Charleston, and also received specimens of plants from all quarters of the United States, as late as 20 or 25 years ago, never saw it and never received it from others. The writer of this found specimens about the year 1849 or 1850, at the 10 mile spring on the State road near Charleston, and also in the parish of St. John's, Berkeley, 40 miles above. About 1851, he received specimens from Fairfield District. Mr. Wm. Summer, of Pomaria, Lexington District, in a letter, states that "it appeared here some eighteen years since, and spread rapidly over our pastures."

Col. R. J. Gage, of Union District, an accurate observer and prominent agriculturalist, says in a letter—"I have noticed this foreigner for ten or fifteen years, confined for a long time to road-sides and drains. The seeds seem to have a knack of following up a cow trail or wagon track, often some distance into the woods."—Professor Darby found it about ten years ago at Altoona, Ga.; and Dr. Mettaner, of Macon, Ga., collected it seven years ago, in the streets of that city where it was then growing abundantly.

We can thus trace it back some eighteen or twenty years,—about which time, or not long before, it was probably introduced. If, as we suppose, it came from Eastern Asia, it must of course have been first brought in through our sea ports, Charleston, Savannah, or Mobile. Its present range, as far as we have been able to ascertain, is as far north as Lincoln and Mecklenburg counties in North Carolina,—all throughout South Carolina and Georgia, and as far west as Alabama. Prob-

ably it extends to or across the Mississippi.

All who have noticed this plant speak of its rapid propagation and increase within the last six or eight years, and say that it was not in such quantity as to attract attention previous to that time. Its rapid increase and almost simultaneous appearance over a large extent of country, are points not so readily explained.

It is a leguminous plant, and fruits very abundantly, the seeds ripening in October. The very small, orbicular flattened and pointed pods or legumes, contain each a single seed, black, oblong, hard and about the size of a bird shot or mustard seed. Its introduction from China or Japan is easily enough accounted for, as we have commercial intercourse with these countries, and seed are brought over in a variety of ways. Its rapid propagation through the Southern States may be attributed to several causes, any or all of which may have aided its dissemination. Plants of a hardy nature, which mature fruit abundantly, and find a climate and soil suitable to their condition, are capable of great increase. We have examples of these in the so-called "domesticated plants" which follow civilized man wherever he goes,—in the Alpine plants, peculiar to high mountain ranges; and in the saline plants, which frequent the salt springs in the interior of a country.—Nature is very bountiful and provides in the great abundance of seeds, a means of locomotion for plants, which enables them to increase and multiply. When these seeds find a congenial home, their increase is truly astonishing. If the seeds of this plant, like many others, pass through animals undigested, and with the vitality uninjured, they may be carried about by hogs and cows, and even birds may extend them over wide areas. Railroads and common roads, ramifying in all directions, would aid in their diffusion. Heavy rains washing them away from the surface, streams and rivers would all aid in scattering and conveying them to distant points. It is probable that army operations during the four years' war, have had a good deal to do with its rapid increase. The movements of troops, especially of cavalry,—the collection and distribution of beef cattle over large tracts of country,—the supplies of produce for the army, in grain, fodder, wool, &c., would be a means of disseminating it in all directions. All these causes have probably aided. The importation and general use of Guano is another source from which we may find a solution of the problem. It would be a very probable and obvious means of spreading this plant, if we knew it was growing on any of the Guano islands. As yet we have no proof of this, but it may very well have extended to some of the Pacific isles by trading vessels coming from the East.

Of its value to the country as a pasturing plant, and for enriching the soil when turned under by the plough, we have ample testimony from all quarters. Since its introduction to the public,

first made through the Augusta Agricultural Club, last summer, the newspapers have teemed with notices of its good qualities; and numerous private letters have been received, all giving most favorable opinions. We must be content to bring forward only a few of these favorable opinions in a condensed form.

In a letter to the writer, Mr. Wm. Summer, of Pomaria, says: "Sheep and cattle fatten upon it, and sheep have subsisted nearly all the winter where it grew among the pine thickets. My cattle this season were as fat upon it as upon the best Pea fields, indeed I have never had my Devon cattle in better condition for exhibition at our State Fairs than I have had them upon pastures of this plant. It appeared about the same time at Mt. Bethel, in Newberry District, and Mr. James Caldwell there says that it renovates old lands when turned under. It is admirable for preserving lands from washing, and I think it can be used to drive out the Nut grass if the ground was well set with it."

Col. Gage, of Union, writes:—"Coming in just at this time (October) luxuriantly, when nearly all the native grasses are dying out, it answers a good purpose.—I find some fields that have been under fence, uncultivated for two years, covered with a most luxuriant coat, and the cattle feed upon it voraciously, but it does not fill the milk pail like the true clover."

On the other hand, we hear from other farmers, that their dairies were never so good before the Lespedeza made its appearance.

Mr. J. W. Watts, of Laurens District, says of it in the *Laurensville Herald*—

"I regard it as one of the greatest blessings that could be sent us, for now every one in this country has fat cattle and sheep the whole summer, instead of the poor, half-starved animals that were to be met everywhere before the introduction of this plant.—We have in this vicinity dense pine thickets, with a solid mass of green herbage, where no other grass would grow. It has no respect for shade—grows on hill and valley; the bottoms of gullies are filled so densely that they can't wash any more. All kinds of stock are fond of it, and I believe it will sustain a greater amount of grazing than any grass I have ever known.

"Some persons think this plant, which we will call by the name suggested by 'H. W. R.,' Japan Clover, injures horses. This may be true. I think, in some localities, and in wet seasons, it salivates them; but I think in dry weather and high places, that such is not the case, or at least not to so great an extent. I think our stock of all kinds do well on it. The cows are as fat as stall-fed animals; the same may be said of the Merinoes. I hope to see it overrun the old fields all over our land, which it bids fair to do in a very few years; if so we will have the best grazing country on earth. It has all the good qualities, and none of the bad ones, of the Bermuda Grass.—While it will stand any amount of

tramping by stock in the pasture, it can't resist the plow and hoe, to which the Bermuda bids defiance."

From the prairie lands of Alabama we have the following testimony from the *Tuskegee News:*

"Horses, cows, sheep, goats, hogs—every thing that eats grass, are delighted with and fatten upon it. We believe it to be the greatest blessing in the form of a grass ever bestowed upon the South."

The Augusta *Chronicle & Sentinel* says—"We have lately conversed with a planter from Morgan county, who informs us that it has been cut for hay this summer in that county, and that it made a large yield, which all kinds of stock seems to be fond of.—We learn that a large planter in Columbia county has made his crop of cotton and corn this year upon the Lespedeza alone, without feeding on corn or fodder."

Our experience with this new plant is of course too limited as yet to authorize us in endorsing all the extravagant praise which has been called forth. From the testimony, thus far universally favorable, we are inclined to believe it will prove a God-send to our poor exhausted lands, which have always wanted a hardy, vigorous grass or clover like the region of country further north.—Our long, hot and dry summers have been fatal to all the grasses and clovers which flourish so well in a cooler and more humid climate. We have seen this plant growing on poor, dry, sandy soils and in wet ditches, doing always best in damp, rich soils, where it attains a height of 2 to 2½ feet. On light soils, it is more prostrate, and forms a beautiful green carpet over the surface. On a late ride over the North Eastern Railroad, we saw it first on the Railroad wharf in Charleston, directly exposed to the salt spray,—thence all along the road side for thirty miles up, very luxuriant in the side ditches and low places, but growing also on the poor denuded surfaces from which the soil had been taken for the embankments. It was sharing the "situation" with some few of the more hardy natives, and seemed to be more "at home" there than any of them. We saw a most excellent hay made of it in October, of which horses, mules and cows eat heartily, retaining its leaves and preserving a fine green color. On good soils it would be fit for pasturage early in the summer, and flourish until the beginning of November, thus furnishing an inexhaustible pasturage for all grazing animals.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

LOVE'S SUBSTANCE.

CAMILLE did not leave the hospital that night, which was passed in an agonized vigil over the unconscious form of her new found treasure, and the kind Professor shared her anxious watch.

She had told him, who was the sufferer on whom she had concentrated her efforts, and her desire that, if possible, the fact of her identity might be concealed, so that she might nurse him as, "I know no one else will," she concluded, with a soft sigh.

The gentle Professor understood at once the full force of her desire to remain unknown, lest her husband might again subject her to the pain of a separation, and readily promised to arrange matters as she wished. A word of caution to Dr. Truman effected the object, and Camille, installed regularly as Loui's nurse, had nothing to fear in the way of discovery, except from Loui himself, when he should have recovered from his present unconsciousness sufficiently to notice surrounding objects. That time came, though not until, in the ravings of a delirium induced by the fever of his wound, Loui had given the beautiful creature, who hung over him, an insight into his heart, which was a triumphant assertion, that the confidence with which she had clung to him was not misplaced. In the long hours in which he lay tossing his beautiful form about as he writhed in pain, there fell from his parched lips, now in single words, now in disjointed sentences, the story of his life, and Camille heard, with a joy no words can express, the blissful assurance that from the time at which he thought the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico had engulphed her, she had held a place in Loui's thoughts, which no other woman had ever obtained. Had she wanted additional proof, it would have been found in the miniature which Dr. Truman had found on Loui's breast, its golden case indented by the bullet which, but for the protection it afforded, would have entered the heart of him who wore it. With a pleased smile and a gallant remark, that her husband might well bear always about him the pictured resemblance of such a face, the Surgeon handed the miniature to Camille, who looked at its battered surface with a gratitude amounting to enthusiasm.

She needed no proof however, more than Loui's words; she had always reposed a confidence in him as perfect as it was apparently undeserved, and she had cherished, until it became a certainty, a hope that at some day, and in some manner, he would be restored to her, and give her a love equal to her own.

He had returned to the full possession of his senses now, though he was in a condition of such extreme weakness, that it was essential to his safety that he

* Continued from page 329.

should be kept in a state of perfect quiet and freedom from excitement.

So the hours went by, and Loui was in utter ignorance that the soft hand which touched his forehead so tenderly, wore the ring which attested that its possessor was his wedded wife. When he had grown stronger, the secret was still retained, for an inflammation of his eyes, the effect of dust and smoke from the fiery battery which he had charged, had progressed to such an extent that an attack of opthalmia impended with almost certainty, and Loui's beautiful eyes were hidden under the thick bandages with which Dr. Truman had covered them.

An entire revulsion of feeling had taken place in the family of Esten and the Prestons, to which Camille had related the impression under which Loui had acted with regard to her, and the household, influenced by her trusting devotion to her husband, learned to look on him with favorable eyes, first for her sake, and then, as they began to know something of him, for his own. Her Aunt and Mrs. Preston often shared her labor of love in Loui's behalf, but it was usually at the times when she had yielded to their almost commands, and gone home to the rest she needed so much, and Loui blinded, and taking but slight notice of what was transpiring, supposed them some of the many kind ladies who came, on their work of indiscriminate mercy, to the hospital wards.

He was not so apathetic with regard to his regular nurse, whose light step he soon learned to recognize, and whose sweet voice, or soft touch could calm him when his pain and weariness were at their worst. These feelings deepened as his strength increased, and very soon his world was made up of the space bounded by the narrow limits of the recess in which his cot stood, and tenanted by the woman who nursed him. A natural desire to know something of one who was so much to him, induced him one morning, as she sat by him bathing his forehead, after she had submitted his shining hair to the process which Miss Charley had found so improving to Frank, to ask what her name was.

"My name?" she asked, while the handkerchief dipped in cologne was stopped in its passage over his hot forehead. "My name? They have given me here that of the Rose. My other—"

"Let me call you by that," he said, "for it suits you exactly."

He recurred to the subject, however, later in the day, when she had left him to permit the assistant surgeon to attend to the dressing of his arm, and inquired her name of him.

"She's a Miss Preston," said that officer, a young man lately come to Richmond, and who, having seen Camille and Charley much together, had very naturally confounded the two girls, "Granddaughter of Col. Preston of James River, and I think the prettiest young lady in Richmond. Such eyes I never did see!"

Thenceforth the eyes so eulogized became inseparably associated with the pair that had been

fixed so long in Loui's heart, and the union was a soothing and most agreeable one.

Frank Leigh verified the prediction of his pretty cousin by getting well so rapidly that before long that bright eyed despot threatened to remove him to Elmira, or some other equally agreeable resort, if he persisted in making his mother and Mrs. Esten exhaust themselves and the Confederate larder of the household, in their attempts to satisfy his ever craving appetite.

"Frank!" she exclaimed one day as she set down on his bed a waiter on which a broiled chicken, a hot roll, the inevitable slice of ham, without which no Virginia plate is considered filled, and a cup of rich creamy chocolate, "I declare you will produce a famine. Don't you know we're all starving in Dixie? and don't you know that our individual cupboard is very much in the condition of Old Mother Hubbard's and will be entirely so if you persevere in your effort? Get up, sir, and eat your lunch this instant on pain of having to devour twice the amount on the waiter."

Captain Leigh needed no such threat, but applied himself at once to the good cheer thus forced on him.

"Charley," he said, with a piece of chicken protruding rather inelegantly from his mouth, while he held the portion from which it had just been removed, in his thin white fingers, "I say, Charley, it seems to me I shall never get enough to eat, if I devote my whole life to the business! Oh! Charley, when a fellow has been starved, I tell you!—" and the piece of chicken went down with a gulp.

"Never mind that now, Frank, except to make the food taste all the better," was the lively reply, though tears stood in her bright eyes. "Ungallant creature, are you going to eat all the chicken up, and it laid and hatched to order too?" she continued, taking up the carving knife.

"No, I'll try to spare you a pinion," was the merry reply, and Miss Preston applied herself to the dish forthwith.

The pair caused much amusement to Mrs. Leigh and the colonel, who, entering the room not long after, found the contents of the waiter represented by empty articles of crockery, and the young people engaged in the intellectual operation of pulling with all their skill, at the merry thought of the vanished chicken. Miss Charley gained the desired piece of this bone of contention, and jumping up on a high chair duly deposited it on the ledge above the door, thereby intimating that, according to the decrees of fate, the first unmarried masculine who should enter the room would be the man intended for her future lord and master, and entitled, by right of his future position, to claim a kiss then and there from his prospective bride. Great was the merriment of all the party, and greater was Miss Charley's confusion when in about half an hour the Professor walked in, surprised at the mirth which greeted his entry, and somewhat curious as to its cause. His confusion almost equalled Charley's when the mat-

ter was explained by the laughing Frank, but reaching the bit of bone from its resting place, he put it in his vest pocket with a look, which said much as to the use to which he would apply it on a less public occasion.

"Colonel," he said, "an old friend of ours reached Richmond to-day, and was trying to get a corner at the Spotswood when I left him to come and tell you. Dr. Mason, sir."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Colonel, bounding up. "Give me my hat and cane, Charley. I'll go after him at once. Corner at the Spotswood indeed! — he shall corner himself here. Have'nt we room, wife?" to that lady who had come in after the Professor.

"Plenty, and if we had'nt, we'd make it!" was the smiling reply. "The Doctor will be more than welcome for himself, and then it will be a comfort to have him here to attend to Frank—how are you now, darling?"

"Well, but very hungry and tired of being here when I want to be in the front!" said the invalid. "Oh! how I will fight when I get the chance!"

"Hush, child!" said his mother. "Those are not the feelings for a sick bed."

"I shall bring Mason right round, my dear," said the Colonel, as he walked off.

"Charley, my dear," said her grandmother, "I wish you'd see that Mandy has fixed the room, next to mine, properly; I shall give that to Dr. Mason, and Professor, if you are tired of Frank, you can share the room with the Doctor."

The Professor declined leaving Frank, and Mrs. Preston continued, as Charley left the room.

"I have had the front room arranged with some of the furniture we brought, and that suite, which Mrs. Baker sent for us to take care of, and really it is so handsome and comfortable, it reminds one of home. It is ready for Major LaFronde whenever he is ready to come."

"That will not be for sometime yet," said Mrs. Esten, "I saw Dr. Truman at the hospital just now, and he says the Major is still in a very precarious state. Mr. Esten is there now, as I do not like to have Camille stay so much alone."

"I will relieve him after a while," said the Professor.—"Anything that can be done for one so lovely as Miss Camille, is a positive pleasure."

"Dear child," said her aunt tenderly, "I trust the brightest part of her life is before her."

It was very bright just then, and but for the apprehensions caused by the condition of Loui's eyesight, would have been all sunshine.

If ceaseless attention and thorough nursing could avail anything, there would have been no need to fear for his perfect recovery, for, with a devotion which was beautiful to behold, did she concentrate upon him every energy of her brave heart.

If she ministered to his material wants with such fidelity, she was even more sedulous in her ministrations for his spiritual necessi-

ties. With the modest and reverential manner which she always used in speaking of sacred things, she had introduced the subject of religion, leading his thoughts to its vital importance, and winning his confidence to such a degree, that he who had been the proudest and most reticent of men, did not hesitate to pour out the most secret thoughts of his heart, with the unreserve of a little child.

In this way she learned more of his inner-life and real nature, in a few weeks, than years of ordinary intercourse could have afforded. The better she knew him, the better she loved him, and viewed as he now was, under the influence of her pure and holy teachings, and the chastening effects of his severe physical sufferings, the feelings of interest and admiration which he had always excited in all who saw him, were intensified and converted to a cordial affection.

The Professor became warmly attached to him, and so did Col. Preston, who often escorted Camille to the hospital, and passed an hour by Loui's cot, cheering the sick man with his cheerful, sanguine spirits, and forming, as Loui said playfully, the connecting link between himself and the outside world.

"Defeat, Sir! final subjugation!" exclaimed the old gentleman during an evening visit, unbuttoning his overcoat of genuine homespun, and replying to an intimation on the part of Dr. Truman that such an event was not impossible. "Sir, the man who entertains such an opinion is a traitor, and ought to be hanged higher than Haman!"

"Well, Colonel, I don't entertain such an opinion, so please take the noose off my neck; I only said that the occupation of Columbia, by Sherman, and the destruction of the Charlotte depot, with the immense amount of Quarter-master and Commissary stores burned in it, were sufficient to make men very serious, that's all."

"We'll conquer, Sir!" was the assured reply, "despite Sherman and all other devils, and as for provisions, if we can't keep up the war any other way, we'll draw lots and eat up each other!"

"I think we, who are drawn, may repeat Sydney Smith's celebrated toast to the young Missionary under similar circumstances, and at least wish our devourers may find us very 'indigestible!'" said Camille, laughingly, as she came up with a glass of jelly.—"Take your physic," she continued, in the same playful tone, to Loui, raising his head as she spoke and placing a spoonful of the sparkling compound between his handsome lips. He seemed to feel the process a pleasant one in all respects, and his entire dependence on the delicate girl who hung over him was very touching.

She was indeed eyes and arms to the blinded, crippled man, and had become quite as essential to his comfort and happiness, merging her very existence in his, and praying for him with even more fervor than did Mary Franklin, who, in her splendid home, sat solitary in feeling, and finding her only approximation to happiness

in thoughts and prayers for the absent and beloved Loui.

Mr. Franklin had determined to leave Louisville on the evacuation of the State by the Confederate forces, and his wife and daughter began, with joyful hearts, to make their preparations to accompany him, when he received a private letter from General Breckinridge requesting him to remain in Kentucky, and urging the various reasons why his doing so would conduce to the advantage of the Confederacy.

Ever desirous to effect this object, and placing implicit trust in the wisdom of the noble gentleman who advised the measure, he remained at home and carried out faithfully the desires of the distinguished Secretary of War.

To Mary his resolve was a death blow, and it required all her steadfastness in the pursuance of Christian duty to prevent her sinking into a sort of apathetic indifference to everything, deprived as she now was even of the possibility of ever hearing from him, who was the light and brightness of her life.

The arrival of Mademoiselle and her domestication in the family, was a source of great but quiet enjoyment to Mary, not only in affording an object for the constant display of her gentle offices of kindness, but by forming a medium through which she could always remain, as it were, in connection with Loui. The old lady had suffered terribly from the treatment she had received at the hands of the enemy, and her subsequent discomforts, and stood sorely in need of kindness and attention, and she received both, and of the tenderest kind, while Mary never tired of hearing her speak of her beloved nephew, whom she loved, if possible, more than ever. Not with the old proud feeling, however—that was gone with many another quality which had disfigured her former character. As she had said to Camille, she was greatly softened, and she blessed the hand that had struck only to save. Leaning on Mary, she came with the humility of a little child to her Saviour, and learned from his blessed words, lessons which made her wise unto salvation.

She and Mrs. Franklin were seated one bright morning not long after the fall of Columbia, discussing the usual topic of the war, and then gliding by a natural transition to Loui and his welfare.

"I think, Mademoiselle," said Mrs. Franklin, "that Loui—for so I learned to call him—is the most fascinating man I ever saw. I don't wonder that the girls should have found him so attractive, but I do wonder that he has never married."

"Never married, my dear lady. The law permits a man but one wife, and Loui married that one four years ago!"

"Married! Loui LaFronde married!" and Mrs. Franklin sat as pale as marble, and with an expression of utter horror on her handsome face.

"Yes; to his cousin, and only relative beside myself, Camille LaFronde a mere child, whom I had brought up, I should say, who brought up herself in our chateau."

"Where is she, where has she been all this long time? Why were they separated?" asked Mrs. Franklin, with breathless rapidity.

"Oh! it is a sad story," replied Mademoiselle, "and one of which my nephew likes to speak never. The child loved him to distraction, yet, when they were on their bridal voyage to France, left the steamer on which they had taken passage as she lay at New Orleans, and fled to her relatives in Virginia. Such rash and inexplicable conduct so enraged my nephew that he has never spoken of the unhappy child since, save in a letter to me, in which he announced her loss as if she was dead, and commanded me, as I value his love, never more to mention her name. It is very sad—two young lives blighted, and I greatly fear I was instrumental, inasmuch as I brought about the marriage."

"The conduct of your nephew is now explained," said Mrs. Franklin, exulting even in this complete blasting of her hopes, that want of appreciation of her daughter was not the result of an indifference on the part of Loui, and with the innate justice of her large heart, giving him all the credit he deserved, "yet who would have thought Loui La-Fronde a married man!"

Neither lady heard a low, dull sound which crept into the room; had they been able to follow it to its source, they would have discovered Mary in r small room, communicating with that in which they sat, lying lifeless upon the floor. The sudden and utter demolition of her long cherished hopes was too much for the delicate girl, and she had fallen in an unconsciousness which, in her case, was a blessing. The agony of conviction came back with renewed force, when, after a long while, she opened her languid eyes, and was recalled, by the strangeness of her position, to its origin. Slowly she crawled to her chamber, and bolting her door, sank down on her bed in a semi-senseless state, of which the one predominant feeling of intolerable pain was that Loui was lost to her forever.

Her loss was Camille's gain, and their relative positions were completely reversed, for Loui, lost to all but the strange, new delight which possessed him, centered every thought and emotion on the lovely being he called his Rose, and who did indeed fill his life with an inexpressible fragrance and glory. He was well enough now to sit propped up on his pillows for an hour or two every day, and his returning appetite consumed much of the time of the busy little hands which fed him with a dexterity, that he declared made the task of eating by proxy perfectly delightful. Dr. Truman had examined his eyes and announced the joyful fact that, though still too weak to permit the bandage to be taken off, all danger of loss of sight was removed, and Camille's brilliant eyes had become as useless for all visual purposes as Loui's, with the tears which blinded them as she raised them in silent adoration to Him who had vouchsafed so inestimable a blessing.

The Doctor was not disappointed in his expectations, for each day confirmed his assertion, and at last he promised that on the next day the bandages might be removed and Loui permanently restored to light and the enjoyment it would bring.

It passed rather slowly to the impatient pair who waited for the going down of the sun, the surgeon having decided that the dimness of the wintry twilight was best adapted to the exercise of Loui's recovered faculty, and Camille, as she sat in the bright afternoon by Loui's bed, began to be sensible of a fear and dread for which language had no words when she thought that in a short time the sweet life she had been living was at its end, and her future fate hung trembling on the unknown effect the discovery of who she was, might have upon her husband.

At last he broke it by saying, as he felt for her hand and took it within his: "In a short time I shall be well enough to return to my command, and this life which is so happy to me must end. I wish it could endure forever, and would willingly lie here, blind and crippled, to prolong it. When I was first brought here, I was ready to curse God and die;—now, thanks to your teachings, I can look up to Him and dare to call Him Father. What you have been and are to me, He alone knows! I wonder to myself sometimes lying here in the dark, if you are not an Angel, He has sent, and if, when I open my eyes, you will not spread a pair of shining wings and go back to your native home!"

"I am only a weak woman," she said, with a sort of sob in her voice, "but I will never leave you —while you need me at least."

"Ah! that is it!" he exclaimed sadly; "while I am a poor helpless wretch, you will minister to my every want—when I am physically well, you will leave me, though my mental being starves for your presence and perishes without it. I must and will tell you now, what I had determined never to reveal till this ruined arm should grow to its former proportions! I would not wrong you by asking you to accept my love, but I tell you that I love you with a power and a passion, that are drawn from the very depths of my being."

"Did you ever love any one else?" came in faint accents from Camille's trembling lips.

"No and yes;" he said, "but to explain, I must beg you to listen to a part of my life's history, and learn that I have been married!"

"Have been?"—she gasped.

"Yes, to one who loved me, but whom I did not love. I lost her," he continued, shivering from head to foot, "and I felt in some part her murderer! I had deemed her an uninformed, ordinary girl. I found, when it became necessary to open her trunks, palpable evidences that she possessed a mind of remarkable power and brilliancy, and a heart that would have infallibly won mine, had she been spared to win it. What I have suffered and endured since I discovered all I had

lost in her death, and the pure, tender love, which I instinctively felt I should never again receive from mortal woman, none but my own heart can know—and out of my sorrow and softened memories, there arose a spirit shape which I fashioned into the likeness of Camille, and which, until I came here, was the absorbing idea of my mind, and the one object of my love.

"And now?" she said timidly.

"Now—ah! the ideal has been superseded by the glorious real!—I did love her memory—I do love you!"

"Tell me more explicitly of your wife's loss," she said, as she buried her face on the bed lest even his bandaged eyes should see the rapture which blazed in it.

As briefly as possible, for mention of the matter was to Loui as a touch on a fresh wound, he related every detail attending the disappearance of Camille, and then lay half overcome by the painful retrospect.

"Have you ever thought," she said slowly, "that you may have been mistaken in your suppositions of your wife's death? May she not, smarting at the discovery that you did not love her, have determined to rid you of her presence by returning to her friends?"

The hand which held Camille's grasped it with a force which attested the powerful emotion of its owner, and she went on. "A young girl was known to make her way alone and without baggage or money from New Orleans to Virginia—she came half dead to her uncle, Mr. Esten—she has been with him ever since, and her name is Camille La Fronde!"

His cold fingers closed still more tightly on hers, and she could feel his entire frame quiver, but he said nothing.

"Are you glad or grieved?" she asked, in so low a tone that although her lips almost brushed his ear, he could scarcely hear it.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, almost fiercely, throwing up his one arm violently and speaking rapidly in his native French, "had you asked me two months ago I would have blessed you for very joy at her living. Now it is too late. I love you—you, you—only you!—Oh! it is too late! let me die!"

"Loui!" she cried, in an agony of feeling as her head sank on his bosom. "Loui, live for me—my own Loui—I am Camille!"

He started up like one revived by some stupendous miracle, and tearing the bandage from his eyes, gazed down on her with a look of supernal love. "Heavens how beautiful!" he murmured, and clasping his arm around her exquisite form, he drew her to him and pressed his lips to hers with a force that was almost cruel. "My own, my very own!" he said, in a tone of intense rapture. "My little girl wife, my own little darling, come back to me!" and again his lips sought hers.

Her bright head had been lying on his bosom, with a crowd of blushes passing over her beautiful face, and her lovely eyes tightly closed under their white lids; now she opened them and gazed half languidly, but with a look that photographed her very soul, into the enraptured orbs

which shone above her. Loui started in inexpressible ecstacy.

"My darling," he said, "those are the same eyes which looked at me as I left the steamer, and which I have loved from that moment!"

The glorious starry eyes went into eclipse again, under the expression which she saw in Loui's, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

"My sweetest, my darling," he whispered, "don't tremble so—there, there, look at me—let me see my eyes again, and try to realize that my bliss is real."

She lifted her head from its hiding place, though it hung on her stately neck like some fair bended flower, and stole him a sweet, shy glance from out of her long lashes.

"Loui," she said gaily, "who told you to take off that bandage? Hold your head down, Sir, and let me put it back, or I'll go for the Doctor!"

"Tyranized over already!" he laughed, as he held up his handsome head to receive the obnoxious covering, "it's a shame to hide my eyes, for I have just found what a luxury they are, and in return, I shall exact an unlimited amount of ——" A soft white hand was laid on his lips, and a pair of sweet lips whispered, "Oh! Loui please stop—Dr. Truman is coming."

Loui stopped, and the genial Doctor came up and took the chair Camille placed at the side of the cot.

"How is our patient?" he asked of his assistant.

"Very refractory!" was the laughing reply. "Removed the bandage from his eyes without permission, and attempted to resist authority when it was ordered back."

"Well," said the accused, "I was justified, Doctor—I wanted to look at my wife—don't you consider the provocation sufficient excuse for the offence?"

"That I do!" said the Surgeon, emphatically, "and so will every jury you can produce in Christendom, provided you introduce the 'provocation' in Court! Now let me look at your eyes."

A careful examination followed, and the Surgeon said cheerfully, "All right—you need'nt replace the bandage to-night, nor at any time, unless he is subjected to a strong light. The only care necessary now, is to prevent inflammation of the lids which would spoil his good looks."

"That would be a pity, would'nt it?" asked the patient saucily. "I say, Doctor," he continued, "when can I get my discharge? I am well enough to be off the sick list, and out of the hospital. I must go back to my command, for every available man is wanted now."

"Wait until I say you are available, LaFronde," said the Doctor curtly. "Let Mars alone for the present in the service of a more agreeable divinity. As for leaving the hospital, you can go to-morrow, and I'm glad to send you on account of this young lady here, who has been mewed up in this sick room atmosphere quite long enough."

The next day was an eventful one in Colonel Preston's house-

hold. Frank sat up for the first time in his comfortable chamber, which had become the general place of rendezvous of the entire family, and late in the evening, Camille, happiest and proudest of women, brought Loui home and introduced him to the circle which was waiting to receive him as one of its most cherished members.

Loui captured, in his own accustomed style, all the hearts he had not already won, and Miss Charley, who had once expressed her desire to pinch Camille's husband, now expatiated enthusiastically upon his perfections, physical and mental.

"I declare, Camille," said that young lady, as the two stood together in their pretty room, Camille engaged in collecting sundry articles pertaining to a personal toilette, "your husband is perfectly charming, and I don't wonder that you love him so much!"

"Of course," said Camille, blushing brightly, "I think Loui simply perfection," and she held up her beautiful lips, which were instantly met by those of Miss Charley.

"Good night, Camille," she said. "Oh! how I shall miss you! To think of having to return to solitude and unmitigated Mandy. I'll be so lonesome!"

"You will not have to be lonesome very long, Charley," said Mrs. Camille, and now it was Miss Preston's pretty face that flushed like a rose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. DICKENS' READINGS.

THE wide range of modern fiction has no name more universally known and more deservedly popular than that of Charles Dickens.

Wherever the English language is spoken—from the remote towns of Australia and the Cape to the log hut of our western prairies—his sharp, clear-toned photographs from actual life have made it a household word.

And this result is due—as it only could be due—not to the peculiar, quaint humor, to the roaring fun or to the dramatic, and sometimes sensational, effects of his best known works; but to that deep vein of humanism that we find ever underlying these.

It is generally agreed that humor, condensed, original and often bizarre, is the great characteristic of Charles Dickens. In effect this is true. In the writings of no one else do we find that all pervading essence of fun, that irresistible drollery that lends its magic to almost every turn of thought, to a sober truth or a bitter sarcasm—that indues a very name with mirth-provoking power. No other fingers press so cunningly the delicate notes of laughter—those minor keys of feeling—and bring the perception into that condition when a sudden and masterly use of the thorough base of truth may be the more effective.

Humor alone; even such humor as is his alone—could never have raised an English writer to the third if not the second place in modern fiction. There can be little doubt that, save Thackeray and Bulwer, he is the first British novelist of the century, in ability as well as popularity. More widely known than either, it would still demand something more than the graphic and quaint use of his wonderful pencil;—something more appealing than admirable caricature of every.day character to raise him to equality with the caustic, analytic dissections of the former, or with the polished, beautiful—if sometimes overstrained—conceptions of the latter.

And this something is the substratum of humanism, underlying and cropping through, ever and again, the softer formation of fun, humor and pathos imposed upon it.

For Charles Dickens is the Apostle of homely truth—of real and human nature.

Drawing his text from the plain book of every.day life—sometimes from its very darkest pages—he preaches in strong and comprehensible language the gospel of that truth which appeals to the strong common sense of the masses; of that truth which alone comes home to them to be analyzed, dessicated—used.

In America, perhaps even more than among his own compatriots, Mr. Dickens is known and appreciated.

That much addressed personage, the General Reader, is found universally among us: while in the

older civilizations his aspirations are repressed by tradition and circumstance, and his practice cramped to a routine from which he may not depart.

In America the wonderfully distributed machinery of cheap publications — comparatively little known over the water—no less than the morbid craving among us for independence and mental equality, put the writings of all great Englishmen in the hands of thousands who cannot afford to buy a book of which the copyright has been purchased—not stolen.

For the last twenty years any American who read at all would have felt it a reproach not to have been familiar with at least the general style and tone of the great master of character-fiction. A little before this he had shot from obscurity into fame; his name was in the mouths of all men, and his books —— although the gigantic system of brain-theft was then in its infancy—had crossed the water by hundreds. But more than this, Mr. Dickens had been to America.

He had been received with some hospitality and a vast deal of flunkeyism. Literary tuft-hunters, illiterate rich men, in short all the goodly company of the snobs—fell down before him and kissed his feet.

A man like him naturally sees a vast deal more than was visible to ordinary eyesight. In his American trip in '42, Mr. Dickens saw a vast deal that was good, a great deal that was comic and not a little that was despicable in the varied classes of Americans he met.

The result was two books—"American Notes," bearing directly upon the manners, habits, and future of our people; and "Martin Chuzzlewit," part of which is given to a similar, but lighter, sketch.

They were received with howls of dismay and rage. Those who had before been the wildest partisans of their author, were first struck dumb, then vied with each other in voluble vituperation.

No books ever written produced, half the outcry and indignation these called up. The choicest vocabularies of abuse were showered upon their author: he was denounced in unmeasured terms for falsehood, prejudice, and for the blackest ingratitude.

He was declared despicable—beneath contempt: and then—his books sold by tens of thousands. But the few people who kept their tempers, and who were candid enough to look from Mr. Dickens' impartial stand-point, saw nothing very horrible in either book! Mr. Dickens came to America as an observer, and preceded by a reputation for a wonderfully acute sense of the ridiculous. It was natural that he should put into type, for sale, any thoughts on America, as he did thoughts on every other subject, and with this strong light, the Americans went deliberately to work to make him think as peculiarly of them as possible.

Following the bias they gave him, he chose some of the most ridiculous—a few of the meanest specimens of character that came under his observation. These he grouped together—broadened in

outline, and colored highly with the most ludicrous tints. He made a very funny, and not an entirely untrue, book. It was not a flattering likeness, but it was still a likeness, while yet a broad caricature.

It certainly was not magnanimous conduct in Mr. Dickens to hold up to public derision abroad, the petty absurdities that thrust themselves so persistently under his nose. It were not generous nobility of soul to permit the licking of a spaniel and then scourge him for undue familiarity.

But, Mr. Dickens, like all men who write for both money and fame, desired to make a telling and saleable book, and by exploiting this new field, he accomplished his purpose fully.

Gradually the howls of indignation over the "Notes" sunk into silence; then the groans ceased likewise, and finally the majority of American readers began to believe what the candid few had all along thought—that the books were not flattering, not generous or evenly just; but that they were very funny and not very malicious.

Parallel passages would only show that where an odd custom was ridiculed, a really solid quality was recorded; and there may be some doubt if under the laughter and the sneers there is not as much of praise as blame.

But the books served to send the name of "Boz" into the most remote corners of the land; and hands that first stretched out to seize his works with raging spite, continued their grasp with calmness, then with amusement, and finally with undeniable admiration. Hence Sam Weller, Micawber, Quilp, Betsey Trotwood, Swiveller, Bella Wilfer and Bradley Headstone have acquired an individuality of their own;—a solid, palpable personality that removes them far away from the world of fiction and puts them on the footing of the every-day intimate whose umbrella we take and for whom we lay an extra plate at table.

For the American reader loves to terrify himself with the bugaboo of sensation in all he reads, but still his inner nature, like Mrs. Skewton; "pines for nature" —however far his path may be removed from "China shepherdesses."

And the American reader found under the laughter, the jeers and and the bitterness—found under all these and yet not of them, the true essence of all that comes from this marvelous pen.

Suddenly the news came that Mr. Dickens was coming to America!

Grasping the sudden boon of a new item, six hundred and five editors nibbed fresh quills and sighed with joy. Six hundred and five paragraphs appeared almost simultaneously, each one assigning a different reason for the visit. He was coming for his health; one lung was gone; no, he had dropsy; phaw! he was going to write a story of Central Park for Bonner. One keen gentleman hinted gloomily it was not disconnected with Alabama claims; "Fudge!" cried another, "he's coming to invest in 5-20s!" But not one dreamed

of hinting that he was coming to mind his own business.

Perhaps that was only right; for they knew him since '42.

At last it was definitely settled that he was coming to gratify American admirers with a series of those unique readings that had so delighted his own countrymen. There was but one expression and that of unqualified delight from the people; and there were but few instances, even in the press, where the time-mellowed, if not forgotten, bitterness of the "Notes" and "Chuzzlewit" was well-shaken, much diluted with twaddle and administered to the public in daily doses.

They were of little effect, however. Whatever cause our people have to hate Mr. Dickens; however little reason they may have to forgive him, they surely have practiced a charity that is beyond commendation.

New York and Boston vied with each other in claiming the first roar of the lion. But finally it was settled that the dwellers at and near the Hub were to be thus far blessed. Expectation all over the country rose to tiptoe and peered into the future with vague speculation as to what he was like and how he would do it.

Then the news of the farewell dinner came. We heard how some of the mightiest of England's men of letters had assembled to bid him God-speed! How his greatest living rival had spoken eloquent and manly words of feeling adieu; how enthusiasm had brimmed over into almost bathos.

Expectation being already on tiptoe could rise no higher; but she threw up her bonnet, so to speak, and yelled the traditional three-times-three-and-a-tiger with great unction in echo to the telegram.

Then came the thrilling moment for the sale of tickets at Boston!

Ticknor and Fields were ready for the fray!

Midnight came:—cold, foggy, marrow-piercing as only midnight in Boston can come. Just on the vibration of the twelfth stroke, a man was seen to pause before the cradle of American Literature.—He looked up eagerly—longingly at the brown house as if he would pierce its centre and magnetize out the best tickets of the front bench.

He was a sharp visaged man, with eye-glass and umbrella.—Moreover, he wore a long tailed dress-coat under a short overcoat, and his feet gloried in a pair of solid "Arctics."

He paused. He rubbed his hands; he sighed the sigh pleasurable. Happy man! He was in time!

Suddenly appeared to him a female—a masculine female.

Brown of skirt and stout of foot, she flourished a bulky cotton umbrella—with a flourish that seemed to say with a nasal twang, Lo! I am here!

Then the crowd came. There were more sharp visaged men with "Arctics;" more masculine females, more, or less, brown of skirt—more, if not less, determined in port. They came by twos, by threes, by scores.

Boston assembled before Mr.

Field's doors. By 2 a. m. Boston arranged itself in a queue and aided by such refreshing ditties as "Old John Brown"—and by the presence of a police force—waited until 7 a. m. in deep adoration of the great, good man she had come to worship.

It is a notable fact that there was not one murmur of "American Notes;" not one whisper of "Chuzzlewit" down that long line. The man who had uttered such untimely word would have been expelled with ignominy, as a disturber of the public peace. And yet, from nowhere did such bitter, unforgiving maledictions on the head of Dickens come, as from the classic precincts of the "Common;" nowhere were louder and deeper vows of vengeance for his "snobbish ingratitude."

At last seven came and with it the opening of the ticket office.—Then even police could scarce repress the ardor of the worshipers: and, as the fortunate first come was first served with tickets, and bore his trophies down the blue-nosed, shivering line, cheers rent the foggy welkin at the pluck and stamina that had achieved success in the great and good cause!

All the tickets were sold before half the crowd was satisfied: and then came the news that *the* steamer was in sight. Straight from ticket-office to wharf, moved that solid mass of Boston humanity; and the "coming man" only escaped an ovation by landing at an unexpected point in the bay, and fleeing to the shelter of the Parker House in a cab.

Did a solid town ever make a more absurd display. Verily are we a unique people! Nor do the Chinese sound their gongs more loud!

Mr. Dickens read in Boston.

He was listened to by crowded, cultivated, and doubtless, appreciative audiences. He was, doubtless, rated at his true value—as an artist. But as a man! He would have been toadied, teaed, and Cambridged *ad nauseam*, had he not, in self-defence, refused to move from the quiet and secluded path he had chosen.

It was too bad! Here had the Modern Athens pocketed its wrath, its criticism, and its self-respect to prostrate its neck before the Juggernaut—and lo! the Juggernaut refused to trouble itself to roll on. Jenkins wrote with a pitiful moan:—"He will not have a public dinner!—He won't even dine with a friend!—And, after a quiet tea each evening he goes early to bed"!!!

Business, society, music, The Great Organ—the very Sun of Literature itself stood still!—during this red-lettered era in the life of Boston. The Athenians breathed, ate, drank, dreamt of Dickens!

Outside of him, like the knife-grinder—"Story, God bless you! they had none to tell, Sir!"

When Mr. Dickens came to New York, it was natural to expect her more cosmopolitan tone and her excess of sensations would leave a more unbiassed judgment of his powers as a reader. The difficulties created by the bad arrangement of his agent, made an unpleasant impression in the beginning. The tickets for the readings were allowed to get into

the hands of speculators, who held them at prices sufficiently enhanced to drive away many of the author's most real and warm admirers.

It was gross mismanagement, if nothing worse, in Mr. Dolby to allow sharpers to get the choice seats by scores, at two dollars, and hold them at twenty: but it was a very pleasant sensation to stand at the door of the hall and see these keen gentry, on sundry occasions, forced to sell out at ridiculously low prices.

New York, too, was already prepared in the way of comic lecturers and readers; for this season she had been infested with them, of all ages, countries, and sexes. And it was a great test of the strong personal hold Mr. Dickens had upon the American people, that they were willing to give up every other entertainment, and submit to be swindled for the sake of hearing him.

Among the mass meetings of lecturers, old and young, grave and gay, who paved his way, were specimens of his fellow-countrymen.

"Mr. Arthur Sketchley" was the first in the field. Many Americans knew him favorably as a contributor to the *London Fun*, from which journal his rather humorous sketches of an English Mrs. Partington—whom he christened, "Mrs. Brown"—had been copied into our papers.

This Cockney lady, he transported to America, and introduced to his audience. But her troubles were purely English troubles, and her dialect purely Cockney dialect; so, although Mr. Sketchley, otherwise Rose, is a florid, pleasant, and very English gentleman, and evidently has much fun in him, he rather failed to impart it to his hearers.

With the rarest exceptions people who set out to specially amuse, fall below their own and their auditors' standard. All professionally funny lecturers seem to protest earnestly against being as funny as they can; and to drearily declare "if fun were as plenty as blackberries, they would'nt be funny on compulsion."

So it is with "Mr. Arthur Sketchley." His lectures aim solely to amuse. They are occasionally odd and laughter-moving, with many a dreary hiatus. He is neither so quaintly humorous as Dr. Bagby, nor so broadly ridiculous as Artemus Ward:—and funny lecturing is one of the few paths in which one does *not* go safest in the middle.

The Hon. Mrs. Theresa Yelverton had also consented to give readings in New York, as she is now doing in the South. Privately requested by Bennett, *pere*, to read in public from her private correspondence, she declined—through the same confidential medium, viz:—two columns of the *Herald*—but agreed to read certain poems, such as "Locksley Hall," and "Sheridan's Ride." This she did in a fashion to convince us she was not a Mrs. Siddons, nor yet a Fanny Kemble.

Mrs. Yelverton may be a much injured lady; the sympathy of our people, North and South, may be due to her wronged womanhood: but, in the matter of public readings, beyond a peradven-

ture, she sins far more than she is sinned against.

In his New York readings, Mr. Dickens had neither of these draw-backs.

He was not a funny lecturer; and the *Herald* was very far from taking his part.

His sole mission was to introduce to their American friends such of his brain children as had by their force of character already made a reputation away from home. He appeared in the double character of parent and stage manager and proposed "to show them, not as known to others, but as known only to their maker."

The very great difficulty of this must be obvious when we reflect that, in most instances, to do it he had to unmake impressions which were already formed and which, even if erroneous, had become fixed.

That he generally failed to accomplish his task in no manner detracts from the very great merit of the effort.

The very great peculiarity of Mr. Dickens' characters is their every-day naturalness. Even when odd and eccentric far beyond any people we know, still they have an oddness and eccentricity that *might* very readily belong to any living man.

There is nothing we cannot account for in Sairy Gamp, in Swiveller, in Micawber, or in Sir Leicester Dedlock. Even Quilp, while improbable, is not unnatural. But this strength belongs more specially to his earlier works: and in the latter ones we see, or think we do, sometimes a combination of opposites in the same character.

The Boffins and Mr. Venus we leave with an unsatisfied feeling that they are not friends of ours. They are strained in their oddity as in their goodness, and we leave them with a sense that they may leave us. In Obenreizer, too, we mark that clashing of opposites that renders him a nonentity the moment the Christmas story is done: and Madame Dor has that *oneness* of eccentricity that goes far to mar some even of the earlier creations.

But when, in the earlier works we meet a new face, it has a nature, a solid entity about it that convinces us it is an old acquaintance with a new name and new surroundings. We are taken by the hand and led through troubles and pleasures with which we honestly sympathize; and at the end we take leave with *Au revoir!* not *Adieu!*

Ever thereafter where memory summons up that character it rises in the palpable substance of a real friend; and we love, pity, respect or despise the earlier characters of Dickens' works with just the same sincerity we do those who have pleased, or aided, or injured us in life.

In meeting these people, too, every one forms his own estimate of them, both as to the person and as to character. If I choose to conceive my Sam Weller as two inches taller than yours, he is just that much taller in reality to me. If, as we talk together, I clasp Bella Wilfer's hand in mine and find it slim and taper and soft, why should you tell me your

Bella's digits are chubby and blunt.

Every illusion spoiled is a sensibility shocked.

When, therefore, Mr. Dickens reads to one thousand people and fails to present one thousand Sam Wellers, or Bella Wilfers,—varying, it may be, infinitesimally, but still varying somewhat—Mr. Dickens must in some sort fail to please.

It is safe to say that no one ever yet saw a fully satisfying representative of Hamlet, Mercutio, or Ariel. These creations are familiar to our minds' eye from an ideal we have involuntarily made; an ideal we would find it difficult to describe in language, but which is still as perceptible to the inner sense as if photographed upon it. However great may be the artist who attempts to give us his ideal, he is sure in some small degree to shock our preconception and to leave an unsatisfied feeling that something is still wanting.

In a somewhat more material way we form our ideal of the less aetherealized characters of Mr. Dickens: and because they are more human and more consonant with our own natures than the others, the conception of them is even clearer, more palpable and stronger in detail. Each one of the people we meet in Dickensland is one great, salient characteristic, relieved and displayed by a surrounding of lesser ones that in no way detracts from it. This faggot of attributes is the character; and the shell that contains it we form to suit ourselves.

Were Mr. Dickens the greatest of actors, the best of readers, and the most perfect of mimes, in one person, he could not but fail to jar these prejudices in his hearers; unless indeed in each one of them the hidden springs of thought worked in just the same grooves, with just the same direction, and from just the same motors.

Asked not long since by a clever lady for an analysis of one of his characters, Mr. Dickens replied:

"Madam, an author never dreams of any character of his as known to you."

In the critical sense of that term, Mr. Dickens is not a great reader.

His voice is not naturally sweet and sympathetic; and, whether from its over-use, or from advance of years, it is now husky and dry.

To those who remember the marvellously sweet, wonderfully educated, and thoroughly magnetic organ of Fanny Kemble:—that voice which shocked us one second with the gross growling of Caliban, held us bound the next by the solemn dignity of Prospero and then lulled us into a delicious trance with the perfect music of Ariel's songs; that voice in which the very Romeo of our fancy pleads — our ideal Timon rails, and the very Puck himself chuckles and shakes with frolic laughter—to such, the first ten words of Charles Dickens send a cold shiver of disappointment.

The hearer begins to speculate as to what has made his great fame, as a reader; imperceptibly he warms, and the hearer warms with him; he is quaint, broadly, humorous, frank, generous, tender; he revels in a carnival of

screaming fun — then suddenly melts into the softest pathos.

His hearer is spell-bound, led to the end, and sits a moment like a very Oliver, involuntarily "asking for more."

Then the inquiry comes— "what is it?"

He certainly has not a good voice; the Sam Weller he shows us is not the Sam Weller we know; and — oh, gracious! he is'nt handsome!

Mr. Dickens in person, is not tall, lithe, and somewhat too spare for good proportion. The analytical eye at once discovers, however, a springiness and elasticity of muscle that—as much as his florid skin—shows a high physical condition. For despite the immense brain-labor, so wearing and long continued, despite his hard struggles in early life, and his domestic ones in later, years still set lightly on his head, and his frequent walk from Gads-hill to the Strand—a clear sweep of thirty miles, which he does in a morning without fatigue—would break down many a younger man.

This well-conditioned and muscular body, Mr. Dickens delights to dress in a caressing style. He heaps upon it the daintiest and most expensive clothes—not always chosen with a perfect accord with the years that he seems to refuse to acknowledge. In fact, the huge lappels, the broad braids, tight pants and very swell gloves in which he indulges, leave the great novelist somewhat open to the charge of being an "old beau." And when he inserts a small bouquet in the broad lappel, he but adds an exclamation mark to the expression.

Dressed then in the highest fashion of full dress, Mr. Dickens seats himself at the small table and turns his face slowly to his audience.

It is a very marked face, full of strong will, seamed with thought, and perhaps with repressed passion; but with a steady and controlled expression habitual to it.

But it is not a handsome face, nor yet an aristocratic one. But for the high and rather massive forehead—broadening at the temples and receding somewhat in the centre—and the quick, restless fire in the eye under the bushy brow — the features might be heavy. And the slope of the jaw,—half displayed, half hidden by the white goatee and moustache, might indicate severity and cruelty but for the mobile lips—quick to the most sensitive curves of humor or the gentlest touches of pathos.

No. Mr. Dickens is not handsome; but there is a self-dependence and power in the face that does away with the little fopperies of dressing the beard and training the somewhat scanty hair into "beau-catcher" curls over the brow.

One has hardly time to take in these details.

He hardly nods to his audience, plunges at once into his subject and sends the chill of disappointment to its very centre.

He is not what we thought: he is even ordinary. After the sonorous, rounded periods of Vandenhoff — the fairy music of

Fanny Kemble—Mr. Dickens is no reader!

Even while this thought flashes through the crowd, some well-known character is introduced. Be it Pickwick, the Marchioness, or Bob Sawyer, the reader throws himself into the character and *acts* it perfectly. He does not read—in fact the whole performance is rather recitation than reading — but he talks, thinks, moves, laughs and grimaces just as Pickwick, or Bob Sawyer, or the Marchioness would do—or as as he thinks they would do—under the circumstances.

Fanny Kemble changes utterly at every change of person; but she changes only by the wonderful modulations of her matchless voice. There is no gesture—no movement of figure or face.

Mr. Dickens is the perfect opposite. He regularly acts the character he personates. He seems to try and swell into Tony Weller, to shrivel into the Marchioness, or to wriggle into Jingle. He not only attempts to act as they would in their places, but to look as they would while so acting.

This last is the weak point of his effort. He is an admirable actor — an almost perfect mime. But no human face can attempt to represent in rapid succession a bloated old visage, a pinched, dried set of features, and the tender devotion of young womanhood—and fail to degenerate into ineffective grimace.

Turn away your head and listen to Mr. Dickens. The reading is very good, in spite of the voice: the characterization—though perhaps at variance with your own—is most admirable; and the rapid and complete change from the touching to the droll—from almost painful pathos to irresistible fun—is really marvellous.

You feel that the master-spirit is there: that you put your hands in his and are led behind the scenes of that great life-drama you have before only seen from the front. At his bidding the scenery rolls back, the bare machinery of thought stands displayed; the actors are actors no more, but men and women like us, who laugh and love and sin—who are happy or miserable as they make themselves so.

The curtain falls—the lights are out, and we have come to the front again; but we bring with us an insight into stage mysteries, new and thought-producing. We have seen the puppets so familiar to us, but we have seen them by a new light; have been taught the secret of the springs and pullies that put them in motion; and have seen them worked by the great master-hand that made them.

If, on closer inspection, they do not seem exactly what we supposed them; if their motions are more stiff, or their grooves of action differ from the ones we made for them;—we at least know what they were meant to do. And we can tell how far that mission was accomplished.

One great point of Mr. Dickens' writings is that he is always the stage manager.

He makes his characters, drills them, dresses them and puts them on the stage. He lets them talk

and act to a certain point—but when a great idea is to be evolved, he steps from behind the curtain, motions them to silence, and talks in his own proper person to the immense audience. And he talks with the effect noted in the commencement of this article. But if that talk is effective in the broken pauses of the characters who are acting for us, it is easy to comprehend it must be tenfold more so, when the stage manager sweeps away the puppets and becomes, in himself, actors, play, machinery and footlights.

Such are the "readings" of Mr. Dickens, if readings they can be called.

They are wonderful combinations of reading, mimicry, acting and animal magnetism—especially of the latter.

For there are some far better readers; there are many more exact mimics; there are thousands of better actors: but the electric genius of the man fuses all these into a magnetic amalgam that once touched cannot be let go until the battery stops working.

There is something indescribable; a subtle essence of sympathy that can only be felt, not described, that puts him *en rapport* with the most antagonistic spirits and makes them his, while the spell is upon them.

Of Mr. Dickens' pecuniary success it is useless to speak. In any city in America where there is money to spend for amusement, his tickets will sell faster than they can be offered for sale.

Of his artistic success there is equally little doubt, if we look at him not only as a reader, but as an exponent of character.

Still his path has not been strewn altogether with roses. He is said to be a peculiarly vain man and to possess the pleasing belief that Perfection, like Charity, begins at home.

The American press is hardly competent testimony in this regard; but granting it true, he could even then scarcely fail to be sickened and disgusted by the crawling, loathsome flattery with which the far greater proportion of our journals have slathered him. Even those pleasant spoken people who call Mr. Dickens "a vulgar snob," must grant him to be at least a very sensible specimen of snobbery. And as such the filthy flattery with which he is bespattered must turn sour to him.

Then an interference with his religious belief or with his domestic associations—be they what they may—can hardly be justifiable in a discussion of his merits. So long as there is a strong moral tendency and an inferred religious tone in all that Mr. Dickens writes, the constant charge of atheism must fall to the ground.

With his family troubles and his personal relations in the privacy of his personal life, the critic of the public man has nothing to do.

Only the most vulgar and low bred pruriency could warrant a prying through the key-hole of a door not opened to the public.

Who can complain if a new edition of the "Notes" shall out-Chuzzlewit Chuzzlewit?

What honest man can fail to

believe that such exhibitions as that at Boston, are fair targets for the sharpest-feathered arrows of ridicule.

The abuse of Mr. Dickens, while not very harmful is much more natural; for, in the rare instances it occurs, it is plainly the twinge from an old grudge, or the smart from a new rebuff.

Indifferent to both alike, the serene Dolby continues to pocket the incoming greenbacks; while his chief continues to read his own works as if he never read anything else connected with his name. And he doubtless treasures up small memories of the delicate way in which we praise men—of the summary style in which we crush them, in this year of grace, '68.

There was much self-gratulation in the New York press, before Mr. Dickens came, because he would see us a changed people; would find us farther advanced in mind, morals, and manners than when he was here in days when Old Trinity was central, and "Bleecker street" was far "up-town."

As a people we have expanded very much, beyond a doubt; but many quiet ones look forward with much curiosity to the inevitable book upon the America of to-day.

Mr. Dickens, besides being a reader, a writer, and a mimic, is a profound analyst of character. Will he penetrate the whirl, the bluster, the off-hand bluntness of the American of to-day. Will he probe through all the unhealthy tissue, to a healthy fibre that gives a promise of permanent cure when this active sloughing is done?

Will he so enjoy his visit to Washington and the hospitalities of the manly and gifted Senator from Massachusetts, as to declare unwise and false a prophecy he made in '42?

That prophecy, far-seeing and deep, has been much quoted—much villified, and much ridiculed. It runs as follows:—

"Year by year the tone of public feeling will sink lower down: year by year the Congress and the Senate must become of less account before all decent men; year by year the memory of the fathers of the Revolution must be outraged more and more by the bad life of their degenerate child!"

Is there one man in America, outside of the disreputable hangers on of the Arch-Anarchs at the Capitol, who will deny the plain, if bitter truth, to-day, of those words spoken in 1842!

Is there one act of that mob of law-breakers — panting for the *carmagnole* and the red cap—which will deny that Charles Dickens had the forecast of a seer when he penned them?

Or will any one go to-day to those great marts where greenbacks are God, and fancy stocks the only Bibles; and then not endorse—or amplify, if language can—what Charles Dickens said in 1842:—

"Men were weighed by their dollars; measurers guaged by their dollars; life was auctioneered, appraised, put up and knocked down for its dollars.

"The next respectable thing to dollars was any venture having

their attainment for its end. The more of that worthless ballast, honor and fair dealing, which any man cast over-board from the ship of his good name and good intent, the more ample storage room he had for dollars. Make commerce one huge lie and mighty theft; deface the banner of the nation for an idle rag; pollute it star by star, and cut out stripe by stripe—as from the arm of a degraded soldier!

"Do anything for dollars!—What is a flag to them!"

THE HAVERSACK.

AT the beginning of the rebellion against Abolition rule, all Confederate Generals of every grade received precisely the same pay, viz: three hundred and one dollars ($301) per month. Many were the discussions held and many were the conjectures as to the precise meaning of the odd dollar, when the popular idea was hit by the witicism of a South Carolina soldier: "The three hundred dollars are to pay for what the Generals make us do and the one dollar is for what they do themselves!"

We regret that the Fetisch Convention at Charleston did not fix their *per diem* at eleven dollars and one-eleventh of a cent. It would have served to keep alive the recollection of the *jeu d'esprit* upon Confederate salaries.

A lady at Winchester, Va., sends us a couple of anecdotes over the signature of Mignonne. Our rule is to have the name in full or reject the communication. But as our fair young friend expects to change her name, a *nom de plume* in her case is admissible. When certain expected addresses have made the lady's address permanent, we hope to hear from her again. She says: Thinking it strange that the Haversack is not better supplied with anecdotes from the valley of Virginia, so rich in incidents of soldier life, I send the following as an experiment:

It was well-known throughout the Army that Jackson's favorite and first-love was the 1st Brigade, better known as the "Stonewall" brigade. It was always "put in" where the enemy was most stubborn and hardest to break, as broken he was sure to be eventually. The morning after the battle of Port Republic, when the boys were worn out with hard marching and harder fighting and were resting on their arms, Chaplain —— dashed up.

"What news?" cried out many eager voices, "where are the Yankees?"

"With Old Nick, I hope," piously replied the chaplain.

"Well I don't," feelingly replied one of the jaded boys, "for

if old Stonewall knew that they were there, he would send the 1st brigade after them!"

We girls of the Valley did not believe implicitly in the trite maxim that "beauty when unadorned, is adorned the most," and we made strenuous efforts to save our prettiest dresses and ornaments from the fingers of "the restorers of the Union," so that we might appear in our bravest attire when *our* soldiers came along. And we were equally careful to wear our ugliest and plainest clothes when the Yanks held the town. This rule was not confined to the ladies, but extended to the few men left behind. A gentleman, who wished to do justice to our soldiers who had just driven the Yanks out of town, put on a new white suit, which had just run the blockade. He rode along a line of Confederates, displaying his store clothes to the best advantage. But the boys thinking that he ought to be in the army, not only daubed him all over with mud, but applied to him some very uncomplimentary remarks.

"If you don't take care, my sweet youth, you'll get your clothes muddy." "Who's your washer-woman?" "How much do you ax for that are shroud of yourn?" "Mister, what makes you have mud on your Sunday clothes?"

All these and many more taunts our hero bore most *manfully*, until a long, lank, lean specimen of the so-called from the late State of Alabama, stepped up and said, "you d—d white-coated, white-livered exempt, when did you die?"

Miss Mignonne's anecdote of the Stonewall brigade, re-calls one, which we know to be authentic. The enemy was reported to be just ahead, and Gen. J. rode up to his favorite command with a bright smile upon his face. The boys were in no smiling humor however, they were hungry and tired, and the proposal of a hard "set-to," upon empty stomachs was not very cheering. The General saw the gloom, and hoped to dispel it by *good* news.

"Well boys," said he, "I'll let you lead off again. I'm going to give you the post of honor once more."

"Thank you kindly, General," said a hungry fellow, "we have had honor enough, we would rather have a little bread and meat just now!"

One of our gallant Tar-heels sends us, from Fayetteville, N. C., the next two anecdotes:

The anecdote in your May number, of the applicant for a Lieutenancy, who, if he could'nt stand an examination, was at least willing to stand a fight with the Examining Board, "reminds me of a little anecdote" of an officer in the North Carolina regiment of which I was a member.

A Lieutenant of the regiment (who, at home, followed the trade of a tanner) was, by the Colonel, deemed incompetent, brought before the Examining Board, and found to be totally unfit for the position. Talking the matter over afterwards, with some of his friends, he remarked.

"Well, mebby, I don't know

how to drill a company, don't understand tactics, regulations and sich, but you orter jest see me take the har off of a hide."

Some time during the year 1863, I think, the good people of Fayetteville were apprehensive of a raid from the party of Yankees who came to Warsaw and burnt the depot and other buildings at that place.

I was home on furlough at that time and well remember the excitement; agitated crowds of the citizens could be seen on every street corner, discussing the probability of their coming this far, the best means of preventing it, &c., &c.

I remember the plan suggested by an old gentleman in one of the crowds, it was:

"I think we had better go up to the 'Observer' office, have a lot, say 100 or 200 hand-bills struck off, and send them all through the country in the direction of Warsaw, warning the Yankees *that if they come here they come at the peril of their lives.*"

W. T. T.

The heroic soldier friend, who stopped his courtship for two whole days to read back numbers of the Haversack, did not find the interruption fatal to his claims, for the name of one of our lady subscribers has been transferred with considerable alteration from South Carolina to Newnan, Georgia, and is now entered Mrs. T. A box of bridal cake by Express directed to the Haversack assures us that our friend is "right side up with care." The anecdotes below show too that he has not forgotten the Haversack, as too many happy bridegrooms are prone to do.

While Ferguson's Mississippians (and a rare set they were) were passing through Unionville South Carolina, *en route* for the Tar River country, they passed, in winding through the streets of the village, the dwelling of that hospitable gentleman, that pure patriot, that learned lawyer and spotless jurist, Judge ——. The distinguished Judge is said, withal, to be the finest looking man in the State. But nor hospitality, nor learning, nor patriotism, nor purity of ermine, nor stately demeanor could save him from the jeers of the "boys in grey." The Judge stood in the porch of his elegant mansion surrounded by a crowd of lady friends. A cadaverous swamper from the jungles of Yazoo swamps cried out,

"Aint you ashamed, old man, with your white har, to be sparking young gals in public?"

A bilious specimen of chills and fever shouted, "that gal with the red head is mine."

Another yelled, "that blue-eyed one is the gal for me." A fourth, "curly-head belongs to me." A fifth stopped and staring at the handsome and dignified Judge, said, "Bill, ain't that old feller got a round, pooty face like a dorg?"

The Judge retired, so did the ladies!

During our campaign under Joe Johnston, in North Carolina, in the last days of the dear Confederacy, some funny things oc-

curred, and but for the hearty smiles, the boys took at them, we certainly would have gone up some time before we did. We were marching one day by quite a respectable looking house, in the porch of which was the family, and with them quite a bevy of young ladies, doubtless, looking with admiration at the ruddy faced, handsome young Georgians. As they were just opposite the house, Pat C. of company K. yelled out to Nick A., "have you fed them horses, Nick, my boy?"

"Yes" screamed Nick in reply.

"What did you feed them on?" continued Pat.

"Pine tags," answered Nick.

"That's a good boy," said Pat, commendingly. "Now you may go down to that 'simmon tree in the lane, and get your breakfast, then you can go to burning tar, and when you come home to dinner, I'll give you some rosum to chaw."

Did the North Carolinians think that all this was meant as an insinuation upon the staple productions of the State? I don't know, but old gentleman and old lady, their sons and daughters, and the strangers within their gates, all disappeared instanter.

To use an expression of one of our wags, when Gen. Bragg was *cyphering* around about the vicinity of the Chickamauga battle ground, he was more than ordinarily peremptory that the commanders of the "creetur companies" should give him "repeated and exact information of the enemy's movements." So incredulous was he of information, in general, that Pegram, the accomplished, the generous, the good, the gallant, the lamented, took it upon himself to play scout one time for the unbelieving General.

So one Friday night, the night of tbe first day of the fight, he took the 6th Georgia, the last of the six Georgia regiments composing his brigade—and, by the way, one of the best in the army — and crossing the Chickamauga, at Alexander's bridge, made for the enemy's out-posts, intending, as he thought, to capture some of his *videttes* and bring them to the General to dissect for himself. The night was very dark, and in addition to the darkness, the smoke of the day's engagement drifted along the earth, rendering it still more difficult to pursue anything like a straight forward course. In about an hour from the time he set forth, General Pegram found himself, and regiment in column, right between the 104th and 109th Indiana infantry, arms stacked and rolled in their blankets for the night. Just in front of him, and at the farther end of the space between the two rows of stacked arms, a faint light glimmered, serving more to reveal the darkness than dispel it. From this approached a man on horseback, and when he got in a few paces of the General, he asked in a rather short, authoritative tone, "What cavalry is that?" The General comprehended his situation at once, and saw that he must resort to stratagem. So he said to the man, in a firm, yet rather sub-

dued voice, "how dare you address your superior in such a manner, sir?" and rode up to him. The fellow attempted to apologize, but before he could, General P. held a repeater before his bewildered orbs, and whispered in his terror-stricken ears, "I am the rebel Gen. Pegram, if you speak, you are a dead man?" Then giving orders to the captains, through the adjutant, to keep profound silence, and reverse their order of march, he moved the whole command, plus the orderly of the 104th Indiana, back into camp.

The coughing of a man, the accidental discharge of a gun, the neighing of a horse, or the most trivial noise would have caused the death of probably one-third, and the capture of the remainder of the regiment.

The General said afterwards he never knew how he got by the enemy's out-posts, going or returning, unless he passed through some unguarded place in the line. J. W. T.

The two anecdotes below come from W. H., Covington, Kentucky:

The 2nd Kentucky cavalry had not assumed the large proportions it afterwards attained, when Col. J. H. Morgan made his famous raid into Kentucky, during the month of July, 1862. After a severely contested struggle, we succeeded in capturing Cynthiana, it was here that we found that elegant piece of artillery, and those fat, slick horses belonging to the Cincinnati Fire Department. After the fight was over, in my rounds, attending the wounded the surgeon had not seen, I was overtaken by Major Wash Morgan, as brave a man as ever drew a blade, and one, whose sympathies were ever with the bereaved and unfortunate. As we rode up street, we were startled by the wailings of a female, whose father had been killed whilst defending the town. Oh, you cruel men! you cruel men! you have killed my father, you have killed my father! Major Wash thought to console her, and drawing from his pocket a huge roll of Confederate bills, asked her if she wished money? She refused the proffered consolation, and still bitterly bemoaned the loss of her parent. When thinking that possibly it was sympathy she needed, he exclaimed. "D——n it, my father's dead too!"

The next day Paris was ours without a fight, the county seat of Bourbon county, famous for its pretty women, fat cattle and good whisky. Amongst the spoils was found a car well laden with the best brands of liquors. These were duly seized and appropriated by our fat commissary for *Staff purposes*. Quite a number of the advance guard were on provost duty during our stay, and succeeded, unknown to the commissary, in storing away a few bottles of the sparkling beverage in the hidden recesses of their haversacks—already abundantly supplied with quantities of cake, bread and fried chicken by the kind ladies of the town and vicinity.

We left this place rather hastily,

and at noon next day found ourselves at Winchester. The advance were stationed at the forks of the road, that the good Union people might not be posted as to our intended march. Whilst the Colonel and Staff were luxuriating upon the bounties of "Uncle Abe," the guard were seated upon the curb-stones sipping the sparkling wine from new tin cups, and eating their luncheon—much to the distaste of many of the good people—telling them at the same time that this was a regular Confederate ration. They found out differently after awhile.

A few days after this, on our march from Crab Orchard, to Somerset, I was appointed by Lieutenant R. as commissary for the advance guard, and much to our satisfaction, found quantities of cakes, butter-milk, and *pies and things*, which were freely given us, when we represented ourselves as Wolford's (Federal) cavalry, in search of Morgan.—When we came to unravel the mystery of so much cookery in this poor section of country, we discovered that a pic-nic was to be given to Wolford's command the next day, and that we were so fortunate as to have forestalled them in the provisioning of *our party*.

Mrs. E. H. sends us from Little Rock, Ark., the following:

I have been very much interested in THE LAND WE LOVE, and especially in the Haversack. So I send you a small contribution from the "Trans-Mississippi Department:"

There were a great many knowing ones here during the war, who thought they knew more of military tactics than military men. When General H. commanded here, these knowing ones gave him the singular cognomen of Granny H. One day while out a short distance from the post he stopped with his Staff at a country house to dine. During the repast the old lady, who was rather talkative, after making numerous inquiries concerning the army and officers, the General and Staff being entire strangers to her, startled them by asking, "and what is Granny H. doing." The General suspended his knife and fork, looked for an instant at the questioner, and quietly remarked, "Well madame, he is trying to eat his dinner at present." The effect can be imagined.

My little four year old nephew got off a good thing. He walked into the parlor one Sunday morning with a new suit of Kentucky blue jeans on. One of the Federal officers setting near the fire hailed him with "Halloo my little soldier boy," "yes," said Charlie, "I'm a soldier boy, but I ain't a Yank.

The children were so impressed with the idea of stealing connected with the Federal soldiery that they were constantly dreading them. I was walking out with my little five year old boy one evening when a company of soldiers came marching by in the direction of our house. Willie came quietly up to my side and whispered very earnestly, "Mamma, let's go home quick or those sol-

diers will *steal* Uncle Charlie's clothes!"

A South Carolina Chaplain furnishes the next incidents.

In the summer of '63, our brigade was ordered to Mississippi.—After leaving Jackson, we had a wearisome march to Big Black, but spite of dust, thirst and heat, the soldiers would cheer up when told that they were approaching a town or village. They expected to see the ladies out with their little flags, hear their words of encouragement and receive little delicacies from their fair hands, which our homeopathic haversacks did not contain. One dreadfully hot day it was announced that the town of B. was just ahead, and the drooping spirits of the fainting men seemed to revive.—After going a mile or so, we came to some straggling houses. I happened to be with some Texas soldiers, when one of them asked a little boy, the only person visible, how far it was to B.

"This is B.," said the solitary inhabitant in great astonishment.

"Well," replied Texas, "if I ever get home, I'll buy me a town, if it costs me five dollars."

My next is the counterpart of Longstreet's "Wave Offering."—We were in camp in the good old North State, where lightwood was plentiful and we could read by our camp fire. One night as we were all seated around the bright light, our Surgeon read to us from a Richmond paper, in which a Confederate Congressman compared a certain measure to making "bricks without straw."—The Surgeon was apparently not well versed in the Scriptures, at least in the history of Moses, for he paused as if puzzled, and repeated, "bricks without straw, bricks without straw. Why didn't the fool say bricks without mud?" A gentle smile at the Doctor's Biblical learning passed round the circle.

In February '64, our regiment was ordered to Florida. As the train was slowly moving up to the Depot at Valdosta, Georgia, a regiment of cavalry encamped there came rushing around to see the infantry. Our quartermaster sergeant inquired if there was any fighting below. "Yes," replied they, "fighting like hell—you'll catch the devil when you get there."

"I feared as much," quietly answered the sergeant, "as soon as I saw the usual sign, the cavalry in the rear!"

At the time the enemy was advancing on Reams' Station in Virginia, there was a deep snow and the roads were almost impassable. The horses of the cavalry were in miserable plight. One man came along on the remains of what had once been a pony, with bones protruding and skin hanging loose. The rider wore an enormous pair of Mexican spurs, but spite of his vigorous applications, the poor animal stuck in the mud and could not extricate itself. "Halloo," shouted the infantry, "take your horse up on your spurs and shake the mud off him. He'll get along well enough then."

We had as the caterer of our mess a German Jew. He was sent out one morning to buy cucumbers. He came back with a basket full of old fellows, yellow as gold. When asked about them, he said, "Yaw, tey is coot. Te plack nigger vants to sell mit me te green ones, put py tam I tells him I vants te ripe!"

The day of the battle of Boonsboro, when the division of Gen. D. H. Hill so gallantly defended the pass in the mountain, our brigade, attached to Longstreet's command, arrived at the scene of action about 4 P. M. The Yankee shells were bursting furiously around, and the whole mountain seemed to be swarming with their troops climbing the rugged heights. We met a family retreating, whose peace and quiet had been disturbed. The father was carrying a little child in his arms and was leading off in the retreat. The mother was holding on to the coat-tail of her liege lord and *protector*. With the bursting of each shell, she uttered a scream, and urged her file-leader to a quicker pace. I have seen many terrified countenances but none equal to those of the husband and wife.—Thus does ruthless war break in upon the most quiet and inoffensive people. A. A. J.

Columbia, Tennessee, gives the next anecdote:

A private in our company, a knight of the shears, and a mere mite of a man, but true grit in a fight, had noticed, and perhaps felt, in his own case, the demoralizing influence of war. One day, he gravely remarked,

"I'll tell you what, boys, if this war goes on much longer, another Devil will have to be appointed. This old fellow can't attend to all the business that will be on hand." W. J. M.

We would remark editorially, that if this appointment ever became necessary, it must have been during the "March to the Sea."

R. McC., of Lexington, Kentucky, sends us the next two anecdotes; the first, at the expense of the Southern boys, and the other, a hit at the "defenders of the Union."

A paroled Federal officer, stopping at one of our hotels, got into a conversation with one of our boys, as to the cause of the greater mortality among the Federal, than among the Confederate troops. "We are better marksmen," said Johnny Reb, "and fighting the battles of freedom, it was to be expected that we would be more earnest, and fire with more coolness and precision."

"Well," drawled Brother Johnathan, "I accounted for it differently. You rebs were so slick with grease and dirt, that our balls glanced off without hurting you!"

The morning after the arrival of Gen. Kirby Smith, in Lexington, Kentucky, Sept. 1862, two of our fashionable Union girls were standing in a porch, looking at the ragged boys strolling around. One of the young ladies turned up her pretty nose, and said

"how dirty and nasty those rebels look, not nice and clean like our 'boys in blue.'" One of the party, thus sneeringly alluded to, over-hearing the remark, as it was intended that he should, took off his old slouch hat, and making a Chesterfieldian bow, said, "pray excuse our rags, ladies, we came to Kentucky this time *to kill hogs*, and of course, put on our greasy clothes. Our next visit will be a courting expedition, and then we will have on store clothes and biled shirts."

One of the most faithful and efficient of the many excellent chaplains in the Army of Tennessee, sends us the anecdote below:

I was chaplain in Bate's brigade, which was for some time on duty at Cumberland Gap. There we lost the much loved and truly lamented Zollicoffer, whose temperate, firm and wise administration in East Tennessee was winning over many disaffected hearts to our cause. The Colonel com manding our regiment had been the Cashier of a Bank, which had suspended payment with a large number of notes in circulation.— Our soldiers thought it but fair game to pass off uncurrent notes among the disloyal. Some even went so far as to write home for "wild cat money," as these notes were called. A good deal of counterfeit and uncurrent money was passed off among the illiterate people of East Tennessee, East Kentucky and Southern Virginia, and the soldiers tried to justify these practices to their own consciences by the claim that they were in the service of their country, and that the hucksters asked exhorbitant prices for fruit, vegetables and farm products. The most stringent orders were published against frauds upon the country people, and officers were on the alert to catch offenders.— One day a soldier was caught in the very act of passing an uncurrent note on the Bank of which his Colonel had been the Cashier. He was brought under guard before the former Bank officer, now commanding the regiment. "So, sir," roared out the irritated Colonel, "You have been passing unsound money. How dare you commit such an act of rascality in violation of orders?"

The soldier assumed a very indignant air and answered: "Who brings such a lying charge against me? I passed a Bank note with the name of my own Colonel upon it. One of my first duties as a soldier is to respect every paper with the honored name on it of the head of my regiment!"

P. S. He was not punished.

Cherokee, Ala. S. M. C.

EDITORIAL.

WE would call special attention to the article, "Rodes' Brigade at Seven Pines." The four brigades which captured the enemy's earthworks, camps, and guns, are not mentioned at all by Mr. E. A. Pollard, while he extols two other brigades, which had nothing whatever to do with their capture, and were not even engaged on the great day of the fight. We feel confident that we can mention six regiments, which *each* lost more in killed and wounded than *the two glorified brigades combined!* This is history with a vengeance! Such blunders are the more unpardonable, as the field of Seven Pines was but a few miles from Richmond, and the great historian might, after the fight, have gained authentic facts with but little personal trouble. In that event, we would have had the gratification of knowing that the eminent war-historian had seen one battle field!

Mr. E. A. Pollard says of that battle, that it was "really of no consequence." So it may have seemed to him in his quiet office, at Richmond. But it wore a very different aspect to the attacking division, though its gallantry has been wholly ignored by the eminent historian. G. B. Anderson carried into action 1,865 men, and had 866 killed and wounded. Garland carried in 2,065 men, and lost 740. Rodes carried in 2,511 men, and lost 1,110. These were the three brigades directly engaged in the attack. Rains' brigade, though belonging to the attacking division, and behaving gallantly, was, from its position, less exposed. It is proper to state that Rodes does not give a list of casualties in his Report, and we quote from memory, but feel sure that we do not overestimate it, and think it perfectly exact. Mr. E. A. Pollard estimates the Confederate loss, in this action, "really of no consequence," at four thousand. If he is correct, (and how can so distinguished an authority be in error?) then the three brigades suffered more than two-thirds the entire Confederate loss. We had, altogether, on the field, at one time or another, not less than 40,000 men. The 6,441 men in these brigades, sustaining thus over two-thirds the whole loss, ought to have received some little notice from the eminent historian, but not one word is said about them!

In one sense, every Confederate victory was "really of no consequence," since the great object—Southern independence—was not attained. But the memory of heroic daring will live forever, and will be embalmed for all time in the minds and hearts of the whole American people. And on no field of the war was superior, aye, we believe, on no one was equal, heroism shown to that of the three brigades unnamed by the great historian of the war.—Veterans from them, who fought from Richmond to Appomatox, have told us that they saw no

such desperate fighting elsewhere. Think of regiments moving forward without a pause, when all their Field officers and half of the rank and file had been struck down. Think of companies charging steadily onward with all their officers and four-fifths of their men *hors du combat*. One company of the 6th Ala. lost (if our memory is not at fault) 23 in killed and wounded out of 26 engaged. When their Colonel (the heroic Gordon) told the three survivors to withdraw, they were loading and firing with all the coolness of a parade day.

Such achievements, coldly viewed from a safe room in Richmond, may have appeared to be "really of no consequence." But Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi will talk of them for generations and generations, with ever increasing pride and enthusiasm.

During the trial of Wirz, the Radical press, to show the mildness, humanity and tenderness of the Federal Government to Confederate prisoners, stated that out of 5,025 prisoners at Elmira, N. Y., there had been but six deaths in three months. The Elmira *Gazette*, however, corrected this small error and showed that there had been 1,310; one out of every four imprisoned! We had supposed that "the party of great moral ideas" was more addicted to stealing than to any other vice, but it seems that falsehood and slander are very dear to them also.

We have all heard of the dextrous fingers of Maj. Gen. Butler, U. S. A., but many of us were surprised at his appearing in the character of a wit in his recent speech in Richmond, Virginia. The Sherman-Shellbarger joke has tempted many an aspiring man to an effort to produce something equally rich and racy. But all in vain! The time, place and imposing circumstances are all wanting. Just imagine the guardians of society, the great, good and wise men of the nation solemnly declaring that property is insecure at the South, and must be made secure by putting it into the hands of non-property holders for safe keeping; that life is insecure at the South and therefore the ignorant, the vicious, the vilest of mankind must have the issues of life and death under their control! We pity the man, who is vain enough to think that he can get up a bit of fun, which is one-thousandth part as *piquant* as this precious *morceau*. The hero of Fort Fisher and Dutch Gap was conceited enough in his Richmond speech to attempt a rivalry of the great wits at Washington. He told his negro audience on that occasion that he had seen many of them at the front! If they were at the front, the General must been there also, for Burnside had use for his own "powerful field-glass." Maj. Gen. Butler, U. S. A., at the front!! We must admit that it is capital, superb, refreshing, but Great Warrior! it is immeasurably short of the Congressional joke! Don't be discouraged, however, it took many months to perfect you in spoon culture. Patience, persistence,

perseverance, pertinaciousness may yet make you a formidable rival to Sherman and Shellbarger.

But when the General leaves the domain of pleasantry, and professes to deal with facts, we cannot endorse him so cordially. There are three statements from which we must beg leave to dissent. First, in regard to the gallantry of the colored troops. The official figures do not justify any very extravagant eulogy upon the courage of "the man and brother." We learn that 169,654 were mustered into service, and that out of this number, 1,514 fell in action, that is, about 1 for every 112. Two brigades of D. H. Hill's division lost, in killed and wounded, more men in a single action (Seven Pines) than these 169,564 colored troops lost in killed during two years! The colored loss was almost wholly confined to four points, viz: The Mine at Petersburg, Olustee, Fort Wagner and Fort Pillow. All the world knows that they did not fight at the first place, rushing forward with the cry, "remember Fort Pillow, no quarters to rebels," they expected a pleasant job of butchery. But when flanking batteries were opened upon them, they became utterly demoralized, huddled together helplessly, neither fighting nor surrendering, and were massacred, until the generous Mahone ordered the slaughter to stop. General Colquitt told the writer of this, that, at Olustee, they were driven forward by white troops from behind, and then fired helplessly into the air—poor victims of Abolition sympathy—afraid to advance, and afraid to fly, lest they should be murdered by their friends! The unfortunate creatures were also driven forward, at Wagner, by troops from behind, to be slaughtered in the same manner. We do not care to enter upon the Fort Pillow discussion. We believe, however, that Forrest acted there with his usual strict regard to the rules of warfare. But no one has ever attributed the negro loss to their gallantry.

Major General Butler, U. S. A. is, probably, not the best judge in the world, of what constitutes true courage. But with the figures so overwhelming against him, even his front of brass must have felt a slight tinge of shame when the false tongue uttered the tribute to the heroism of the colored troops.

The second point of dissent is in regard to the humanity of these same soldiers. Oh! man of many spoons and forks! did you suppose that the world was ignorant that the colored troops advanced upon the Mine, at Petersburg, with the cry upon their lips, "no quarters to rebels?" And did you suppose that it was not known that this gentle battle-cry was a suggestion from your own philanthropic mouth, just after you had gulped down that huge draught of French brandy, from that elegant goblet upon which the name of Mr. ———, of Norfolk, Virginia, was imperfectly erased? Be not so forgetful, oh, valiant hero, else the world will think that you picked up *brass* alone, in your great moral-idea raids upon rebel *silver*.

We are constrained to differ from the Massachusetts warrior in a third particular. He told the negroes in the same speech, that the only reason that they had produced no warriors, statesmen, poets, scholars, and divines, was that "they had not had a chance." We are not willing to believe that a distinguished member of the American Congress does not know that there is such a country as Africa, and that the negroes in the Southern States were brought over from that country in New-England ships. Nor are we willing to believe that he is ignorant of the fact, that the late slaves of the South, are infinitely above their ancestors in intelligence and civilization. What superior "chance" had Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome, over Africa, to grow rich, powerful, and great? Why was Egypt once renowned for her learning, while Congo, Guinea, and Ashantee, have always been shrouded in ignorance and darkness? Would it not have been more truthful in the warrior and statesman to have told his negro brethren that Africa had "had no chance," because the African lacked brain, energy, manliness, and fixedness of purpose? Would it not have been more truthful in him to have told them how the Southern tyrants had taken them up in their heathenism, and degradation, had taught them the worship of the true God, and had so elevated them as to make them fit (according to his own views) to revise State Constitutions, formed by the wisdom of such men as Madison, Marshall, Tazewell, and Macon?

The Southern country has not been as sickly in twenty years as it has been in the last few months. The whole atmosphere seems to be poisoned by the horrible effluvia from the Conventions at Atlanta, Montgomery, Richmond, &c., of negroes, negro-traders and loyal thieves. Had these Fetich Meetings been held in the summer, a dreadful pestilence would have spread over the whole land.

In these sad days of repudiation, bankruptcy and general ruin, when landless negroes and old nullifiers dressed up in the star-spangled banner have control of life and property in our oppressed section, we are trying to preserve our integrity notwithstanding these untoward circumstances, and we do honestly endeavor to pay our debts to the best of our ability. Sometimes we are a little slow, but in all such cases, are willing to pay interest as well as principal. We frankly acknowledge remissness in settling up an old score with the *Turf, Field and Farm*, of New York. But better late than never.

That paper sought an exchange with us and we cordially responded to the courtesy. We were, therefore, surprised at a sneering notice in it of our November number. Special exception is taken to an incident furnished by Col. Osborne, of the late 4th N. C. regiment, of the capture, by some ladies near Shepherdstown, Va., of a detachment of Federal soldiers. The incident was strictly true and can be easily authenticated, and that too without reflecting upon the courage of the captured

party. If our critic is not as ignorant of war as a Southern war historian, he would have known that defeated and demoralized men can be chased and taken by one-tenth their numbers. We have seen with our own eyes a squad of half a dozen ragged fellows bring in half a regiment of prisoners. And, doubtless, the same thing was often witnessed by the other side. We saw with our own eyes two men of the Rifle Regiment (there was but one in those days) pursuing several thousand Mexicans from Chapultepec to the Garita de Belen.—They were fully a mile in advance of the American army, and might readily have been killed or cut off. But the panic-struck Mexicans were intent only upon flight. If our critic had had any experience in war, or any knowledge in human nature, he would have known that such an incident as that related by Col. O. was by no means unusual. It is not the power of the captors which is feared, but the power of which they constitute a part. Thus, to use a loathsome illustration, is there not many a County in the South at the nod and beck of some little foice of the Freedmen's Bureau? Does the whole county fear the contemptible cur? Not at all.—But defeated and subjugated, the people submit to their canine ruler as the type and representative of their conquerors. In like manner, the party yielding to their lady captors at Shepherdstown did not fear them of course, but they feared the countrymen of those ladies, who had just defeated them. All this is clearly set forth in the anecdote, and we hardly know whether to ascribe disingenuousness or stupidity to the critic of the *Turf, Field and Farm.*

He thinks that it is time to stop the braggadocio about "one Southerner whipping six cowardly Yankees." So think we. Many hundreds yet live who know of the strenuous efforts we made, the first year of the war, to undeceive our troops in regard to the prowess of their antagonists. In a speech delivered to the troops on the Peninsula (which was copied in the Richmond Dispatch and other papers) we warned them that they would have brave men to fight, and mentioned by name, some we knew, such men as Stone, Clitz, Phelps, Bomford, Buell, &c., &c. Still, we have no reason to blush for our war record. We fought more than six to one, and generally inflicted heavier blows than we received. Although the loyal North had the aid of more than half a million of fighting men from our own borders, and from Foreign shores, we would have triumphed, but for some capital blunders.

Had the fire-eaters, who could each "whip half a dozen cowardly Yankees," gone into the army, we might have planted our flag upon Boston Common. But some of them became fighting editors, and were constantly cursing West Point officers for instructing their men to cover themselves with earth-works.—"The bare bosoms of freemen should alone be exposed to the missiles of the hated Yankees." So wrote these brave men in their editorial sanctums. Others got

into the Nitre and Mining Bureau, and dealt in old bones and offal during the war. All of them, with rare exceptions, got into departments where plunder was plenty, and bullets were scarce. Had this vast army joined us, of men breathing out threatening and slaughter against the "hated Yankee," we could have tramped all over the loyal North, and might have even dragged out, from his concealment in some dark cellar, the critic of the *Turf, Field and Farm!*

Our critic has lived, however, not merely to show his ignorance of military matters, but also his utter want of taste in poetry. In one sweeping sentence, he pronounces the poems in the November number to be "trash." That number contained three poems, which poets of reputation have pronounced to be rare gems, viz: "Sonnet," "Little Giffen," and "The Devil's Delight." To our certain knowledge, the last has been copied by the papers in twenty States, beginning with New York city, and ending in California. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, who ought to be as good a judge of poetry as the critic of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, copied it with a handsome tribute to its beauty and power.

Our critic has kindly volunteered a piece of advice to the Editor of this Magazine, and in the same friendly spirit, we would volunteer a piece of advice to the Editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm;* Try to get a critic to "do up" your literary notices, who has a little less sensitiveness, and a vast deal more sense. As the dead fly causeth the ointment of the apothecary to stink, so a silly fellow, scribbling about matters which he don't understand, may injure your really valuable paper.

The mention of the extensive circulation of the poem, "The Devil's Delight," brings to mind the fact that it was transferred to the columns of a Philadelphia paper, without giving credit to this Magazine, and with the blunder of ascribing its authorship to the pen of a distinguished scholar of Baltimore. In like manner, the poem Dixie, published by us in October 1866, has been widely accredited to the Wilmington (Delaware) *Gazette*. It is almost impossible to be too particular in these matters. A Southern paper, which seems, by its very title, to claim to be the exponent of Southern chivalry, copied, without credit, from this Magazine, the account of the duel between Jackson and Dickerson. The *Sentinel-on-the-Border* and the St. Paul's *Pioneer* copied it also, but with the appropriate acknowledgment. A large and pretentious volume, of 851 pages, was issued last year, which, besides many facts taken from this Magazine, contains whole pages, *verbatim et literatim*, without so much as saying, "by your leave!"

The Philadelphia *Age* pronounces Hon. Mr. Covode the most infamous man of "the party of great moral ideas." We are inclined to think that Mrs. Sumner would select a different man, and

we have faith in the discriminating judgment of that lady.

The statement of Dr. Sill in regard to the burning of Columbia is but one of many similar documents that we have received on the same subject. The most conclusive of all the papers which we have seen is that of the Rev. Dr. L. P. O'Connell, of the Catholic Church, who was an eye-witness to the whole dreadful scenes during that fearful period of terror and destruction.

The denial of Gen. Sherman of all connection with the burning of Columbia has always seemed very strange to us, when it is well-known that he boasted in Savannah of his intention "to handle South Carolina without gloves," when he burned so many thousands of private residences, so many villages and hamlets before and after reaching Columbia, and when his own chosen biographer, Maj. Nicholls, glories in the fact that the march was marked by the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. We never could understand what was the particular sacredness of the Capital of "the hot-bed of secession," which could have decided the humane officer to deal with it more tenderly than with other parts of the State. But the strangest part of the whole business is that Gen. Sherman's own troops should have thought that they burned the City, while he himself thought that Hampton did it.—All along their desolating march they told with exultant glee of their prowess in destroying Columbia. At Richmond, Va., they made the same boast, so too at Louisville, Ky., and so they boast of it to-day at their own fire-sides. There are hundreds living now in Columbia, who saw Federal soldiers, in broad day light, smearing houses with turpentine and then lighting the turpentine with matches. Federal officers of every grade were riding about the City while these things were going on. General Sherman himself in the streets and yet entirely ignorant of what was going on. If this be true, truth may well be called stranger than fiction. For no writer of romance ever wrote any thing so incredible!

We have received the Prospectus of Richardson & Co., the Publishers of the Southern University Series and other valuable books.

Our old friend, Lieut. General J. B. Gordon, is Vice-President of the Company.

The Legislatures of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi have recommended the books of this Company to their respective States. The Faculty of almost every Southern University and College have cordially endorsed them, and so have the principal scholars of the South.

The Publishers have only favored our office with a single volume, the admirable Arithmetic of Prof. C. S. Venable. But our feeble approval is not needed, when so many thousands more competent to judge have expressed their approbation.

Loyal editors have their joyous days even in Dixie, as well as

their days of sadness. The glad days are those in which no poetry comes to the office. Well do we remember two such days in our two years of editorial life: the one in July, 1866, the other in May, 1867. They were bright and beautiful days, and all nature seemed to sympathize with our happiness. We did not allow the dread of the morrow, with its inevitable cargo of rhymes to interfere with the ecstatic bliss of the present moment; and never was the enjoyment fuller and more perfect of the fond lover who had just heard the soft whispered confession of mutual love, than was ours during those two memorable days.

But it is not always thus with the loyal editor. Fat, puffy letters are laid upon the table. He picks them up hastily, muttering to himself, "a good haul of greenbacks to-day. The Post-Office Department is relaxing its vigilance, or the officials have bad colds, and cant smell the fragrance of the loyal currency." Then he tears off the envelops eagerly, and finds in the first letter, "Ode to the Moon:" in the second: "Lines to Sarah Ann:" in the third: "Monody on the death of my favorite tom-tit," &c. Alas! for human expectations. Our greenbacks dissolve into moon-shine, and the officials did not have bad colds after all. Would that they were sometimes afflicted thus, but they never are!

We are not mental philosophers enough to know the mysterious connection between philanthropy and fat offices, between benevolence and greenbacks. But certain it is, that most of the good and pious men, who came South on errands of mercy, connected with the Freedmen's Bureau, and other generous institutions, do manage to get into positions where money is to be handled. It may be that the noble impulses in "the great heart of humanity" of each of these holy men can only reach their maximum flow, when the fingers playfully entwine the pictures of "the late lamented." We earnestly desire information upon this curious subject.

Some of our friends object to our calling the Southern soldiers "rebels." That name being associated in our mind with recollections of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Ben Franklin, Joseph Reed and other eminent men of the "loyal North," and with similar reverence for Geo. Washington, Henry Laurens, Edward Rutledge, Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, George Walton and Button Gwinnett, from this unfortunate section, we were inclined to look upon it with great honor and respect. But times have changed, and since the party of hate and ruin has rebelled against the President, the Supreme Court and the Constitution, we think that it is high time to "make treason odious," and we are now desirous to drop the word "rebel," as a designation of our noble soldiery.

The lines which we quote from Horace Greeley on page 388 prove that he was an arrant rebel before his party came into power; he is a fierce rebel now, and he will

be much fiercer after the Presidential election. Wendell Philips, Beecher, Cheever, Banks, Ashley, Covode, and the whole swarm of malignants will revive their old denunciations of the "compact with death and covenant with hell," "hate's polluted rag," "the emblem of infamy and oppression." They will once more shout, "let the Union slide."—Why should they be patriots any longer when bereft of the power of stealing from the public Treasury? With these men of "great moral ideas," loyalty means an eager, intense, all-consuming desire to get hold of other people's money, mixed up with a hatred of their Southern brethren so vast in its proportions that the malignant fiends of the Pit of Darkness cannot understand it.

In our honest effort to enlighten the ignorance of Hon. Mr. Bingham, who places the Irish upon the same intellectual platform with the negro, we made an important omission. Three of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were native Irishmen, viz: Geo. Thornton, of New Hampshire, and Jas. Smith and George Taylor, of Pennsylvania. All three delegates fron the loyal North. There were no sneers then against the Irish. There were none during the rebellion, when their services were needed. But it does not take the party of great moral ideas a long time to revive their old "know-nothing" proclivities. Mr. Bingham was cut out by nature to belong to that order.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton was of Irish descent. Thos. Lynch, a signer from South Carolina, was also of Irish descent, so was Edward Rutledge. The more distinguished brother, John, of the latter was, at one time, Chief Justice of the United States.

During the "Davis despotism" in Dixie, there was not a single newspaper suppressed, though some of them were disloyal to the Confederate Government; not an Editor was arrested, though not a few indulged in personal abuse of Mr. Davis. Things seem to have been managed somewhat differently, under the mild and paternal administration of the "great martyr of liberty."

We copy the extract below from our esteemed contemporary, the *Metropolitan and Record* of New York:

"When that canting knave, Edward M. Stanton, was Secretary of War, we have seen editors of New York journals marched down Broadway at mid-day, with manacles on their wrists, driven like cattle to the pens of Fort Lafayette. We have known others, by arbitrary "orders" from the same authority, dragged from their beds at dead of night, and without a word of explanation as to the charges against them, hurried off to the same loathsome receptacle. Nay, more, we have known other editors to receive warnings from police superintendents even, as to what they should and should not print; and not only that, but what they should and should not place upon their news bulletins. The writer

of this on one occasion remembers being waited upon by a superservicable understrapper of the War Department to order off the "bulletin" a piece of intelligence he had just received from a perfectly authentic source, of great interest to the public. We declined, and asked him by what authority he made so impudent a demand.

He drew from his greasy pocket a long strip of telegraphic paper, containing these words:

"By order of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War."

John R. Winston, Esq., of Leaksville, N. C., is engaged on a book which is to contain *some* of the atrocities of the war. We say some, because a library could not contain all. He invites sufferers everywhere to send him authentic facts.

We have received from Mr. Winston an admirable sketch of the 45th North Carolina regiment. We are heartily rejoiced to see efforts of this kind. The so-called histories put forth, are merely compilations from the ignorant, partial and sensational letters of army correspondents. In this way it has happened, that the individuals and commands which have been the most bedaubed with praise, have been precisely those which deserved the least. North Carolina lost, by far, more soldiers in battle than any Southern State. But she has, as yet, received but little credit for the heroism of her sons. The truth can only be known through regimental, brigade, division and corps histories. The future historian, who will carefully digest this immense material, will do a valuable work for truth and for justice. We, therefore, repeat that we hail with pleasure such enterprises as the history of Longstreet's corps, by Gen. E. P. Alexander, of the Kentucky brigade, by Gen. Geo. B. Hodge, and of the 45th North Carolina, by John R. Winston, Esq.